





Portrait of a woman, possibly a religious figure, framed by a thick border.

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# POETICAL WORKS

OF

*DAVID MALLET.*

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

*THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.*

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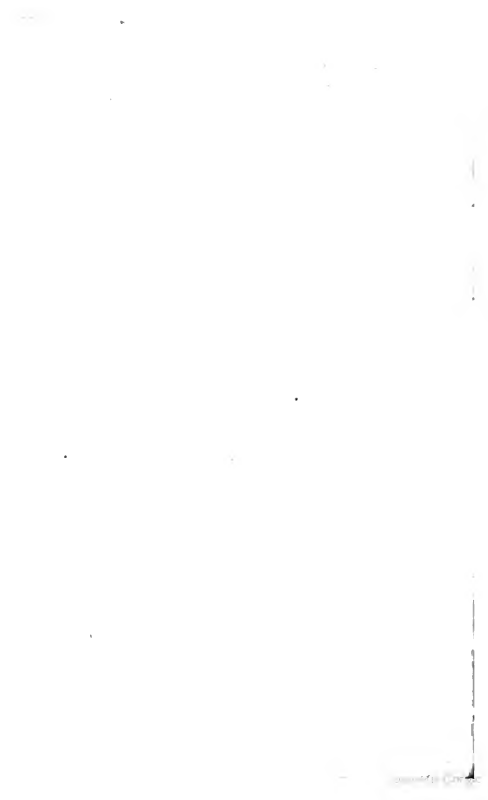
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TO THE RIGHT HON.

*WILLIAM LORD MANSFIELD*<sup>1</sup>,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

No man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been surprised, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works either to Cicero or the younger Pliny; not to mention any more among her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws, in which both eminently excelled: they were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country: but as they had both embellished their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions, no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage; and, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I am induced to place your name at the head of this Collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

Nec Phœbo gratior ulla  
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

And were I as sure, my Lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not

<sup>1</sup> Prefixed to an edition of the Author's works, in 1759.

applied with more propriety at first than they are now, the public would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you: but of that the public only must and will judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing, to bespeak their favour and your friendship, that I dare be positive in, without which you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it; and this any man may affirm of himself without vanity, because it is equally in every man's power: of all that I have written on any occasion, there is not a line which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present; an humble one I confess it is, and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is, indeed, an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effusion of those sentiments which great merit, employed to the best purposes, naturally creates.

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole course of this and many more years, that sound health of mind and body which your important labours for the public so much want, and so justly merit; and may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace. Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish,



DEDICATION TO THE D. OF MARLBOROUGH. 7

may again flourish under the eye and encouragement of those few who think, and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the sincerest attachment,

MY LORD,

Your most faithful humble servant.

Jan. 1, 1759.

---

TO THE

*DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH*<sup>2</sup>.

YOUR Grace has given leave that these few poems should appear in the world under the patronage of your name; but this leave would have been refused, I know, had you expected to find your own praises, however just, in any part of the present address. I do not say it, my Lord, in the style of compliment: genuine modesty (the companion and the grace of true merit) may be surely distinguished from the affectation of it; as surely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring which is used, in vain, to supply what Nature had denied, or has resumed.

Yet permit me just to hint, my Lord, while I restrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the fairest public character must be raised upon private virtue, as surely it must; your Grace has laid already the securest foundation of the former in the latter: the eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you, and from what you are known to have done in one way, they reasonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man in the other.

<sup>2</sup> This dedication was prefixed by the Author to a small Collection of his poems, published in 1762.

**6 DEDICATION TO THE D. OF MARLBOROUGH.**

The Author of these lighter amusements hopes soon to present your Grace with something more solid, more deserving your attention, in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough.

You will then see that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negociation; and that the same extensive capacity which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal skill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the meanwhile, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger: and in times of peace, what is perhaps less frequently found, the friend and patron of those useful and ornamental arts by which human nature is exalted, and human society rendered more happy; this, my Lord, is respectfully the wish of,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most obedient humble servant,

DAVID MALLET.

# AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.

*IN THREE CANTOS.*

---

## PREFACE.

THE following Poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy : but the Author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in, for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public ; though, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or Western isles, that surround one part of Great Britain ; it may not be improper to inform the reader that he will find a particular account of it in a little treatise, published near half a century ago, under the title of ‘ A Voyage to St. Kilda.’ The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes, at length, the situation, extent, and produce, of that solitary island ; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants ; a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any perhaps on the face of the whole

earth : to whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours, *Plus valuit apud hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia philosophorum præcepta.*

They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold, but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor ; for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry, and compose not only songs but pieces of a more elevated turn in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock, but insisted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher ; however the caverns formed in it (so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised) were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, be-

lieving the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to show their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, (as in his own island there grows not a shrub) equally surprised and delighted him; but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters, and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world; for, said he, 'it is attended with no kind of pain.'

Among such sort of men it was, that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles II. when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were often the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd; and, of course, persecuted whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, signed by King Charles himself, for military

execution upon them, without process or conviction; and I know that the original is still kept in the Secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the second Canto as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this Poem may meet with, the Author cannot foresee; and in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole, to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all in effectually touching the passions; which, as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph of poetry; the candour of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes, or failures, in things of less importance.

# AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:

OR,

## THE HERMIT.

*Addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield.*

---

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,  
Whose pain or pleasure springs from thine alone;  
Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,  
That in sweet union harmonize thy mind;  
Here, while thy eyes for sad Amyntor's woe  
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,  
O may thy friend's warm wish, to Heav'n prefer'd  
For thee, for him, by gracious Heav'n be heard!  
So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine  
Unmix'd, and all Amyntor's fondness mine:  
So through long vernal life, with blended ray,  
Shall Love light up and Friendship close our day;  
Till, summon'd late this lower heaven to leave,  
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

---

### CANTO I.

FAR in the watery waste, where his broad wave  
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls  
On from the piny shores of Labrador  
To frozen Thulé east, her airy height

Aloft to Heaven remotest Kilda lifts,  
Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,  
In filial train, Britannia's parent coast.  
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge  
Of arctic skies, yet blameless still of arts  
That polish to deprave each softer clime,  
With simple nature, simple virtue, bless'd !  
Beyond Ambition's walk, where never War  
Uprear'd his sanguine standard, nor unsheath'd,  
For wealth or power, the desolating sword ;  
Where Luxury, soft syren, who around  
To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup  
Of pleasing bane, that soothes at once and kills,  
Is yet a name unknown : but calm content,  
That lives to reason, ancient faith, that binds  
The plain community of guileless hearts  
In love and union, innocence of ill  
Their guardian genius ; these the powers that rule  
This little world, to all its sons secure  
Man's happiest life ; the soul serene and sound  
From passion's rage, the body from disease :  
Red on each cheek behold the rose of health ;  
Firm in each sinew vigour's pliant spring,  
By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,  
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep  
Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,  
For food or pastime : these light up their morn,  
And close their eye in slumber-sweetly deep,  
Beneath the north, within the circling swell  
Of ocean's raging sound : but last and best,  
What Avarice, what Ambition, shall not know,  
True Liberty is theirs, the Heaven-sent guest,  
Who in the cave, or on the uncultur'd wild,  
With independence dwells and peace of mind,  
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.



Daughter of Heaven and Nature, deign thy aid,  
Spontaneous Muse ! O whether from the depth  
Of evening forest, brown with broadest shade,  
Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp  
As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,  
By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot  
Through bowery groves, where Inspiration sits  
And listens to thy lore, auspicious come !  
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,  
Thy wing hush-hoivering spread ; and to the gale,  
The boreal spirit breathing liberal round  
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune  
With answering cadence free, as best beseems  
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here good Aurelius—and a scene more wild  
The world around, or deeper solitude,  
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,  
By fate unequal and the crime of war  
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale  
That saw him bless'd, now wretched and unknown,  
Wore out the slow remains of setting life  
In bitterness of thought, and with the surge,  
And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan  
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance sad  
The' unhappy past recall'd, a faithful wife,  
Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd,  
His son's companion and his softer friend ;  
With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,  
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left  
Within a tyrant's grasp ! his foe profess'd,  
By civil madness, by intemperate zeal  
For differing rites, imbitter'd into hate,  
And cruelty remorseless !—Thus he liv'd,

If this was life; to load the blast with sighs ;  
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,  
At midnight hour ; for midnight frequent heard  
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,  
Pour all the husband, all the father forth  
In unavailing anguish ; stretch'd along  
The naked beach, or shivering on the cliff,  
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm,  
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his head.  
Such were his hours, till Time, the wretch's friend,  
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,  
Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye ;  
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,  
Each sullen spectre chase ; his balm at length,  
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulse  
With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm  
Arose, but unassur'd ; as, after winds  
Of ruffling wing, the sea subsiding slow  
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first  
Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise  
To Heaven his eye, and through the turbid mists,  
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,  
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause Supreme,  
All-just, all-wise ; who bids what still is best  
In cloud or sunshine, whose severest hand  
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus in his bosom, every weak excess,  
The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge,  
To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd  
By Virtue's hand, and in her brightening beam  
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs  
Before the' ascending sun ; through faith he lives  
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks  
Of Sin and Death : anticipating Heav'n

In pious hope, he seems already there,  
Safe on her sacred shore, and sees beyond,  
In radiant view, the world of light and love,  
Where Peace delights to dwell, where one fair morn  
Still orient smiles ; and one diffusive spring,  
That fears no storm, and shall no winter know,  
The' immortal year empurples. If a sigh  
Yet murmurs from the breast, 'tis for the pangs  
Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel,  
Still suffering in his fate ; 'tis for a foe  
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of Heav'n  
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,  
O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse  
The rosy year, and in each pleasing hue  
That greens the leaf, or through the blossom glows  
With florid light, his fairest month array'd ;  
While Zephyr, while the silver-footed Dews,  
Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove  
Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.  
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow  
Of Winter's waste dominion, is unfelt  
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise  
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,  
With wild thyme flowering, betony and balm,  
Blue lavender and carmel's <sup>1</sup> spicy root,  
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.

But high above the season full exerts  
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,  
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,

<sup>1</sup> The root of this plant, (otherwise named *argatilis syl-  
vaticus*.) is aromatic, and by the natives reckoned cordial to  
the stomach. See *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*

The birds of passage transmigrating come,  
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,  
At Nature's summons their ærial state  
Annual to found, and in bold voyage steer  
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,  
One certain flight to one appointed shore,  
By Heaven's directive spirit here to raise  
Their temporary realm, and form secure,  
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,  
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues ;  
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,  
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard  
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,  
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,  
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye  
Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,  
With wonder mark'd ; now cast with level ray  
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,  
From pole to pole through boundless space diffus'd,  
Magnificently dreadful ! where at large  
Leviathan, with each inferior name  
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,  
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.  
Amaz'd he gazes, and, adoring, owns  
The hand Almighty, who its channell'd bed  
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,  
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere,  
With every wind to waft large commerce on,  
Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,  
And link in bonds of intercourse and love  
Earth's universal family. Now rose  
Sweet evening's solemn hour : the sun, declin'd,  
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament,

Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,  
Gave back his beamy visage to the sky  
With splendour undiminish'd; and each cloud,  
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne  
In fair ærial landscape Here, alone,  
On earth's remotest verge, Aurelius breathed  
The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene  
With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung  
In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath;  
When, lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,  
Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along  
From cliff to cavern, as the breath of winds  
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard  
Through wintry pines, high waving o'er the steep  
Of sky-crown'd Appenine: the sea-pie ceas'd  
At once to warble; screaming from his nest  
The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight  
From shore to sea: on came, before her hour,  
Invading Night, and hung the troubled sky  
With fearful blackness round<sup>2</sup>: sad Ocean's face  
A curling undulation shivery swept  
From wave to wave; and now impetuous rose  
Thick cloud and storm, and ruin on his wing,  
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep  
Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.  
Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,  
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood  
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd;  
His stunn'd ear smote with all the thundering main,  
His eye with mountains surging to the stars,  
Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave  
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view

<sup>2</sup> See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds,  
Yet distant seen and dim, till onward borne  
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,  
Each mast aspires, and all the' advancing frame  
Bounds on his eye distinct: with sharpen'd ken  
Its course he watches, and in awful thought [hear,  
That Power invokes whose voice the wild winds  
Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from Heav'n,  
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,  
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,  
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.  
But, O! ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!  
For Death bestrides the billow; nor your own,  
Nor others' offer'd vows, can stay the flight  
Of instant Fate. And, lo! his secret seat,  
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst  
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,  
The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes,  
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,  
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,  
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,  
Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts  
In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth  
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round  
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,  
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm  
Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall,  
And each rent sail flies loose in distant air.  
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull  
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve  
Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—  
Ah! save them, Heaven!—it bursts in deluge down  
With boundless undulation; shore and sky  
Rebellow to the roar: at once ingulf'd,

Vessel and crew beneath its torrent-sweep  
Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept ;  
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek ;  
He turn'd his step ; he fled the fatal scene,  
And brooding in sad silence o'er the sight  
To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart  
Pour'd out to Heaven in sighs ; ' Thy will be done,  
Not mine, Supreme Disposer of events !  
But death demands a tear, and man must feel  
For human woes : the rest submission checks.'

Not distant far, where this receding bay<sup>3</sup>  
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch  
Expands its self-pois'd concave ; as the gate  
Ample and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof,  
Of some unfolding temple : on its height  
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,  
That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food  
Untended crop. As through this cavern path,  
Involv'd in pensive thought, Aurelius past,  
Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault  
Remurmur'd shrill, he stop'd, he rais'd his head,  
And saw the' assembled natives in a ring,  
With wonder and with pity bending o'er  
A shipwreck'd man. All motionless on earth  
He lay : the living lustre from his eye,  
The vermeil hue extinguish'd from his cheek,  
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,  
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death  
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,  
So faintly wan, through hovering mists at eve,  
Grey Autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd  
The briny wave, and close within his grasp

<sup>3</sup> See Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda, p. 27.

Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long  
Had stemm'd the flood with agonizing breast,  
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime  
He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand,  
Where bold proportion and where softening grace  
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

Aurelius, from the breathless clay, his eye  
To Heaven, imploring, rais'd; then (for he knew  
That life, within her central cell retir'd,  
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,)  
He bid transport it speedy through the vale  
To his poor cell, that lonely stood and low,  
Safe from the north, beneath a sloping hill;  
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd  
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moss  
Light-shaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,  
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand  
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd  
The vapoury air with aromatic smells;  
Then drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn  
From mountain-plants, within his lips infus'd.  
Slow from the mortal trance, as men from dreams  
Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes;  
While life to scarce-felt motion faintly lifts  
His fluttering pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek  
The rosy current wins its reflux way.  
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd  
Severe on Heaven, on the surrounding hills  
With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown,  
Dissolv'd in tears around; then clos'd again,  
As loathing light and life. At length in sounds  
Broken and eager, from his heaving breast  
Distraction spoke—'Down, down with every sail!  
Mercy, sweet Heaven!—Ha! now whole ocea  
sweeps



In tempest o'er our heads—My son's last hope!  
We will not part—Help! help! yon wave, behold!  
That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.  
O for a sun to light this black abyss!  
Gone—lost—for ever lost!" He ceas'd. Amaze  
And trembling on the pale assistants fell,  
Whom now with greeting and the words of peace  
Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensued,  
Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face  
Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:  
Watchful, his ear each murmur, every breath,  
Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin  
Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade  
The sacred silence due to grief supreme:  
Then thus at last;—"O from devouring seas  
By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,  
Thy sense, return'd, can yet discern the Hand,  
All-wonderful, that through yon raging sea,  
Yon whirling waste of tempest, led thee safe,  
That Hand Divine with grateful awe confess,  
With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!  
Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within  
The' unfathom'd gulf; when human hope was fled,  
And human help in vain,—the' Almighty Voice  
Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the deep  
Yield up its prey; that by his mercy sav'd,  
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,  
A monument of wonder as of love,  
May justify to all the sons of men,  
Thy brethren, ever present in their need.  
Such praise delights him most'——  
He hears me not.  
Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe,  
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,  
Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream!

‘ Yet speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!  
For know, by mournful privilege ’tis mine,  
Myself most wretched, and in sorrow’s ways  
Severely train’d, to share in every pang  
The wretched feel, to soothe the sad of heart,  
To number tear for tear and groan for groan  
With every son and daughter of distress.  
Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent :  
My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine,  
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,  
Through reason’s paths, to happiness and Heav’n !’

The Hermit thus ; and, after some sad pause  
Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown.

‘ What have I heard ?—On this untravell’d shore,  
Nature’s last limit, hem’d with oceans round  
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith  
A comforter to find, whose language wears  
The garb of civil life ; a friend whose breast  
The gracious meltings of sweet pity move !  
Amazement all ! my grief to silence charm’d  
Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown !  
If woes for ever wedded to despair,  
That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me  
A meet companion ; one whom earth and Heav’n  
Combine to curse ; whom never future morn  
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose  
Descending shade—O, son of this wild world !  
From social converse though for ever barr’d,  
Though chill’d with endless winter from the pole,  
Yet warm’d by goodness, form’d to tender sense  
Of human woes beyond what milder climes,  
By fairer suns attemper’d, courtly boast ;  
O say, did e’er thy breast, in youthful life,  
Touch’d by a beam from beauty all divine,  
Did e’er thy bosom her sweet influence own,

In pleasing tumult pour'd through every vein,  
And panting at the heart, when first our eye  
Receives impression? then, as passion grew,  
Did Heaven consenting to thy wish indulge  
That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,  
That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?  
Heart streaming full to heart, in mutual flow  
Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—  
If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,  
My joys conceiving, image my despair,  
How total! how extreme! for this, all this,  
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,  
Lies lost and buried there—O, awful Heav'n!  
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave  
Her blameless head devoted, thou alone  
Canst tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd Maid!  
O most undone Amyntor!—Sighs and tears,  
And heart-heav'd groans, at this his voice suppress'd:  
The rest was agony and dumb despair. [gloom

Now o'er their heads damp Night her stormy  
Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,  
With huge and heavy horror closing round  
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,  
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt;  
And thus replied, as one in nature skill'd,  
With soft-assenting sorrow in his look,  
And words to soothe, not combat hopeless love.

' Amyntor, by that Heaven who sees thy tears,  
By faith and friendship's sympathy divine,  
Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,  
This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer  
Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just!  
How long in silent anguish to descend,  
When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb

Are fellow-mourners ! He who can resign  
Has never lov'd ; and wert thou to the sense,  
The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,  
Cold and insensible, thy breast were then  
No mansion for humanity, or thought  
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love  
And tender pity, whose kind tear adorns  
The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul  
They soften, not subdue. We both will mix  
(For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,)  
Our social sighs ; and still as Morn unveils  
The brightening hill, or Evening's misty shade  
Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,  
Her mind all lovely, each ennobling each,  
Shall be our frequent theme : then shalt thou hear  
From me, in sad return, a tale of woes  
So terrible—Amyntor ! thy pain'd heart,  
Amid its own, will shudder at the ills  
That mine has bled with.—But behold ! the dark  
And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk :—  
Here break we off ; and thou, sad mourner ! try  
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm  
With timely sleep : each gracious wing from Heav'n,  
Of those that minister to erring man,  
Near-hovering, hush thy passions into calm ;  
Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes  
Of brightest vision ; whisper to thy heart  
That holy peace which goodness ever shares,  
And to us both be friendly as we need !”

## CANTO II.

Now midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,  
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,  
Vapour and cloud. Around the' unsleeping isle  
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd,  
And in mix'd horror to Amyntor's ear [pall'd.  
Borne through the gloom, his shrinking sense ap-  
Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,  
Again pale Memory labours in the storm;  
Again from her is torn, whom more than life  
His fondness lov'd. And now another show'r  
Of sorrow o'er the dear unhappy maid  
Effusive stream'd, till late, through every pow'r  
The soul subdued sunk sad to slow repose;  
And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,  
Were quench'd in total night:—a pause from pain  
Not long to last; for Fancy, oft awake  
While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell  
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,  
Of visionary bliss; the hour of rest  
To mock with mimic shows. And, lo! the deeps  
In airy tumult swell: beneath a hill  
Amyntor heaves off overwhelming seas,  
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,  
The billow's back: anon, the shadowy world  
Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,  
Where solitary, o'er the starless void, [length,  
Dumb Silence broods. Through heaths of dreary  
Slow on he drags his staggering step, infirm  
With breathless toil; hears torrent-floods afar  
Roar through the wild, and, plung'd in central caves,  
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.

Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,  
And brightening with their glow the brown abyss,  
Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye  
Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul,  
That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide ;  
A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round,  
Their walk embower'd ; while nightingales beneath  
Sung spousals, as along the enamell'd turf  
They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,  
Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms  
The fair encircled ; thrice she fled his grasp,  
And fading into darkness mix'd with air—  
' O, turn ! O, stay thy flight !'—so loud he cried,  
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.  
He groan'd, he gaz'd around ; his inward sense  
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,  
Still on his eye the hovering shadow blaz'd ;  
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear,  
Grateful deception ! till returning thought  
Left broad awake, amid the' incumbent lour  
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt  
His grief inflam'd thro' fresh in every vein.  
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,  
The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd,  
Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound ;  
Then scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow  
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood, [voice,  
Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor Reason's  
Nor owed submission to the will of Heav'n,  
Restrains him ; but as passion whirls his thought,  
Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,  
Though passing all belief, the frailer skiff,  
To which himself had borne the' unhappy fair,  
May yet be seen. Around o'er sea and shore

He roll'd his ardent eye, but nought around  
On land or wave within his ken appears,  
Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed  
The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold.

And now, wide open'd by the wakeful Hours  
Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes  
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp ;  
Lifts high o'er earth and sea ; while, all unveil'd,  
The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye  
Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great,  
Magnificently various. From this steep  
Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay  
The northern deep : amidst, from space to space,  
Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,  
As slow the' ascending mists disperse in air,  
Shoot gradual from her bosom ; and beyond,  
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge  
Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills.  
A thousand landscapes, barren some and bare,  
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to Heav'n,  
Of horrid grandeur ; some with sounding ash,  
Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth  
Of waving pine high-plum'd ; and all beheld  
More lovely in the sun's adorning beam,  
Who now, fair rising o'er yon eastern cliff,  
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,  
Repose that Temperance sheds in timely dews  
On all who live to her, his mournful guest  
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites  
And Virtue's rule enjoin ; but first to him,  
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart  
With kindly sense to glow, his matin song,  
Superior duty, thus the sage address'd :—

‘ Fountain of light ! from whom yon orient sun  
First drew his splendour : Source of life and love !  
Whose smile now wakes o’er earth’s rekindling face  
The boundless blush of spring ; O, First and Best !  
Thy essence though from human sight and search,  
Though from the climb of all created thought  
Ineffably remov’d ; yet man himself,  
Thy lowest child of reason, man may read  
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,  
The Maker’s hand, on all his works impress’d,  
In characters coëval with the sun,  
And with the sun to last ; from world to world,  
From age to age, in every clime, disclos’d ;  
Sole revelation, through all time the same.  
Hail, universal Goodness ! with full stream  
For ever flowing, from beneath the throne,  
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life ;  
From all that live on earth, in air, and sea,  
The great community of Nature’s sons,  
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend !  
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice  
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,  
Nor lowest, with intelligence inform’d,  
To know thee and adore ; with free-will crown’d,  
Where Virtue leads to follow and be bless’d.  
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain’d  
To days of future life ; or whether now  
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,  
Parent and friend ! to guide me blameless on  
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,  
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer :  
All else, of me unask’d, thy will supreme  
Withhold or grant, and let that will be done !’  
This from the soul in silence breathed sincere,



The hill's steep side with firm elastic step  
He lightly scal'd; such health the frugal board,  
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respire  
In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,  
Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.  
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay  
The man unknown; nor heard approach his host,  
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius, mov'd  
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,  
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas  
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense  
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began :

‘ O sight, that from the eye of Wealth or Pride,  
Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw  
A feeling tear ! whom yesterday beheld  
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess'd  
That fancy, tranc'd in fairest vision, dreams ;  
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life, [spread,  
Each bliss that cheers ; there on the damp earth  
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now !  
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,  
The proud, be taught what now the wretched feel,  
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn !  
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn -  
To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame  
Its tender anguish——’

‘ Hear me, Heaven ! (exclaim'd  
The frantic mourner) could that anguish rise  
To madness and to mortal agony,  
I yet would bless my fate ; by one kind pang,  
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought ;  
For ever freed. To me the sun is lost ;  
To me the future flight of days and years  
Is darkness, is despair.—But who complains

Forgets that he can die. O sainted Maid !  
For such in Heaven thou art ; if from thy seat  
Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,  
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,  
A lover and a friend, if yet these names  
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray  
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown  
Thy lifeless limbs, that I—O grief supreme!  
O fate remorseless ! was thy lover sav'd  
For such a task ?—that I those dear remains,  
With maiden rites adorn'd, at last may lodge  
Beneath the hallow'd vault, and, weeping there  
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close  
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine !”

‘ Such, and so dire ; (replied the cordial friend,  
In Pity’s look and language) such, alas !  
Were late my thoughts : whate’er the human heart  
Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,  
Have all been mine, and with alternate war  
This bosom ravag’d. Harken then, good Youth !  
My story mark, and from another’s fate,  
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,  
Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear.

‘ In me a man behold, whose morn serene,  
Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,  
In virtuous purpose or in honest act,  
Drew fair distinction on my public name  
From those among mankind, the nobler few,  
Whose praise is fame : but there, in that true source  
Whence happiness with purest stream descends,  
In home-found peace and love, supremely bless’d !  
Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,  
By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur’d,  
Our hopes and fears, our earth and Heaven, the same !

At last, Amyntor, in my failing age  
Fall'n from such height, and with the felon-herd,  
Robbers and outlaws, nurber'd—thought that still  
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with  
shame!—

Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone should fear,  
The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,  
Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;  
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:  
And all, O sovereign Reason! all deriv'd  
From power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!  
A right divine to violate unblam'd  
Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,  
The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend!

‘ O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,  
Whole hopeless years the' oppressor's hand to know  
How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,  
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs  
Of equal load, adjure thee by those days  
Of want and woe, of danger and despair,  
As Heaven has thine, to pity their distress!

‘ Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart  
Be far the' unhallow'd licence of abuse;  
Be far the bitterness of saintly zeal,  
That impious hid behind the patriot's name  
Masks hate and malice to the legal throne  
In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,  
The prince to guard—but guard the people too;  
Chief one prime good to guard inviolate,  
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss,  
Fair freedom! birthright of all thinking kinds,  
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,  
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,  
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

‘ But if, disclaiming this his heaven-own’d right,  
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule ;  
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,  
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,  
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,  
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince  
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind,  
And loyalty revolt from virtue’s law :  
For say, Amyntor ! does just Heaven enjoin  
That we should homage hell ? or bend the knee  
To earthquake or volcano when they rage,  
Rend earth’s firm frame, and in one boundless grave  
Ingulf their thousands ? Yet, O grief to tell !  
Yet such, of late, o’er this devoted land  
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,  
Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep  
Of wintry hill, or waste untravell’d heath,  
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,  
Proclaim’d it loud to Heaven : the arm of pow’r  
Extended fatal, but to crush the head  
It ought to screen, or with a parent’s love  
Reclaim from error ; not with deadly hate,  
The tyrant’s law, exterminate who err.

‘ In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk ;  
Myself, as one contagious to his kind,  
Whom nature, whom the social life, renounc’d,  
Unsummon’d, unimpleaded, was to death,  
To shameful death ! adjudg’d ; against my head  
The price of blood proclaim’d, and at my heels  
Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds :  
And this blind fury of commission’d rage,  
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,  
Known and abhor’d for deeds of direst name,  
Was given in charge ; a foe whom blood-stain’d zeal

For what—(O hear it not, all-righteous Heav'n !  
Lest thy rous'd thunder burst)—for what was deem'd  
Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute  
More deadly fell, than hunger ever stung  
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,  
Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt  
Familiar, and in each dire art of death  
Train'd ruthless up : as tigers on their prey  
On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts  
Devouring fell ; nor that sequester'd shade,  
That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long  
In happy league had dwelt, which War itself  
Beheld with reverence, could their fury 'scape ;  
Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames ;  
For flame and rapine their consuming march  
From hill to vale by daily ruin mark'd.  
So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,  
Embodied locusts from the wing descend  
On herb, fruit, flow'r, and kill the ripening year ;  
While, waste behind, destruction on their track  
And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child  
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O Heav'n ! do I,  
A man, survive to tell it?—At the hour  
Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears  
Of all who saw and curs'd his coward rage,  
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,  
By menace, or by torture, from their fears  
My last retreat to learn, and still detains  
Beneath his roof accurs'd, that best of wives,  
Emilia ! and our only pledge of love,  
My blooming Theodora !—Manhood there  
And nature bleed—Ah ! let not busy thought  
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast :  
Discovery there once more my peace of mind

Might wreck, once more to desperation sink  
My hopes in Heaven.' He said ; but, O sad Muse!  
Can all thy moving energy of pow'r  
To shake the heart, to freeze the' arrested blood,  
With words that weep and strains that agonize ;  
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice  
Tell what Amyntor feels? ' O Heaven ! art thou—  
What have I heard?—Aurelius ! art thou he?—  
Confusion ! horror !—that most wrong'd of men !  
And, O most wretched too ! alas ! no more,  
No more a father—on that fatal flood  
Thy Theodora'—At these words he fell ;  
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins,  
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode  
For ever to forsake. As on his way  
The traveller, from Heaven by lightning struck,  
Is fix'd at once immovable, his eye  
With terror glaring wild, his stiffening limbs  
In sudden marble bound ; so stood, so look'd,  
The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,  
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,  
No tear had force to flow ; his senses all,  
Through all their powers, suspended, and subdued  
To chill amazement. Silence for a space—  
(Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky  
Ere first the thunder breaks)—on either side  
Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,  
As from some vision that to frenzy fires  
The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,  
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,  
Drew furious forth—' Me, me, (he cry'd) on me  
Let all thy wrongs be visited, and thus  
My horrors end'—then madly would have plung'd  
The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm

Aurelius, though with deep dismay and dread,  
And anguish shook, yet his superior soul  
Collecting, and resuming all himself,  
Seiz'd sudden; then perusing with strict eye  
And beating heart Amyntor's blooming form,  
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught  
To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke :

‘ O dire attempt! whoe’er thou art, yet stay  
Thy hand self-violent, nor thus to guilt,  
If guilt is thine, accumulating add  
A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which  
Heaven has indulg’d no mercy. Sovereign Judge!  
Shall man first violate the law divine,  
That plac’d him here dependent on thy nod,  
Resign’d, unmurmuring, to’ await his hour  
Of fair dismissal hence; shall man do this,  
Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,  
Red with the sin and recent from the stain  
Of unrepented blood?—Call home thy sense;  
Know what thou art, and own His hand most just,  
Rewarding or afflicting—But say on;  
My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,  
Recals thy words, recals their dire import:  
They urge me on, they bid me ask no more—  
What would I ask? my Theodora’s fate,  
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn’d,  
Good Heaven! beyond all grace—But shall I blame  
His rage of grief, and in myself admit  
Its wild excess? Heaven gave her to my wish;  
That gift Heaven has resum’d; righteous in both:  
For both his providence be ever bless’d!’

By shame repress’d, with rising wonder fill’d,  
Amyntor slow-recovering into thought,  
Submissive on his knee the good man’s hand

Grasp'd close, and bore with ardour to his lips:  
His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence, spoke,  
Through swelling tears, what language cannot tell,  
Now rose to meet, now shun'd the Hermit's glance,  
Shot awful at him, till the various swell  
Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke:

‘What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch unknown?

Whom knowing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.  
Mistaken man! the honour of thy name,  
Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.  
I am—Aurelius! turn that look aside,  
That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,  
Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, Heav'n!  
Forgive me, Virtue! if I would renounce  
Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond  
Rolando's son; by your more sacred ties,  
As to his crimes an alien to his blood;  
For crimes like his——’

‘Rolando's son! Just Heav'n!

Ha! here? and in my power? a war of thoughts,  
All terrible arising, shakes my frame  
With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach  
The father's heart, though seas are spread between,  
Were great revenge!—Away! revenge? on whom?  
Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd  
Ev'n to the crime my reason most condemns  
In him who ruin'd me.—Deep-mov'd he spoke,  
And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth  
Suspended held: but as the welcome blow,  
With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court,  
Behold in sudden confinnce gathering round  
The natives stood, whom kindness hither drew;  
The man unknown with each relieving aid



Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,  
 To succour and to serve. Before them came  
 Montano, venerable sage! whose head  
 The hand of Time with twenty winters' snow  
 Had shower'd, and to whose intellectual eye  
 Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,  
 Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,  
 Aurelius drew apart, and in his care  
 Amyntor plac'd, to lodge him and secure;  
 To save him from himself, as one with grief  
 Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep:—  
 This done, nor waiting for reply, alone  
 He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

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### CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift  
 With triple fork to Heaven, the mounted sun  
 Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream  
 His noon-tide ray: and now, in lowing train,  
 Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale  
 The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,  
 And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,  
 The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,  
 Around its rocks to graze<sup>4</sup>; for, strange to tell!  
 The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,

<sup>4</sup> The cows often feed on the *alga marina*, and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood, though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 156.

As yon pale planet wheels from day to day  
Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,  
Intelligent of times ; by Heaven's own hand,  
To all its creatures equal in its care,  
Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide  
To labour and repose a simple race,  
These native signs to due repast at noon,  
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle,  
All but Aurelius : he, unhappy man !  
By Nature's voice solicited in vain,  
Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.  
The child no more ! the mother's fate untold !  
Both in black prospect rising to his eye—  
'Twas anguish there ; 'twas here distracting doubt !  
Yet after long and painful conflict borne,  
Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale  
Inclin'd alternate, summoning each aid  
That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm  
Superior rising, in the might of Him  
Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light,  
Omnipotent can draw, again resign'd,  
Again he sacrific'd to Heaven's high will  
Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast,  
The sigh soft memory prompts, the tender tear,  
That streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost,  
With mournful magic tortures and delights ;  
Relieves us, while its sweet oppression loads,  
And by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,  
And through the darkness shot her sun-bright ray  
That strengthens while it cheers, behold from far  
Amyntor slow approaching ! on his front  
O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd  
Attraction sweetly sad : his noble port,

Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd,  
And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow  
With social softness. Straight before the door  
Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down  
In counterview; and thus the youth began:—

‘ With patient ear, with calm attention, mark  
Amyntor’s story; then, as Justice sees,  
On either hand her equal balance weigh,  
Absolve him or condemn—But, oh! may I  
A father’s name, when truth forbids to praise,  
Unblam’d pronounce? that name to every son  
By Heaven made sacred, and by Nature’s hand,  
With honour, duty, love, her triple pale,  
Fenc’d strongly round, to bar the rude approach  
Of each irreverent thought.—These eyes, alas!  
The curs’d effects of sanguinary zeal  
Too near beheld, its madness how extreme,  
How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,  
Each tyrant’s ready instrument of ill,  
‘Train’d on to holy mischief: scene abhor’d!  
Fell Cruelty, let loose in Mercy’s name;  
Intolerance, while o’er the free-born mind  
Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron-scourge  
Severest hung; yet daring to appeal  
That Power whose law is meekness, and for deeds  
That outrage Heaven belying Heaven’s command.

‘ Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere,  
Rolando caught the spread infection, plung’d  
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg’d  
His course unjust to violence and rage;  
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine  
Of beauty, nor the matron’s sacred age,  
Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,  
Found reverence or distinction: yet sustain’d

By conscious worth within, the matchless pair  
Their threatening fate, imprisonment, and scorn  
And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdued  
To murmur or complaint, superior bore,  
What patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,  
Not built on pride, not courting vain applause ;  
But calmly constant, without effort great,  
What reason dictates, and what Heaven approves.

‘ But how proceed, Aurelius?—in what sounds  
Of gracious cadence, of assuasive pow'r,  
My further story clothe? O could I steal  
From Harmony her softest-warbled strain  
Of melting air, or Zephyr's vernal voice,  
Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves  
To liquid blandishment his evening-lay,  
All nature smiling round! then might I speak ;  
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell  
How unperceiv'd and secret through his breast,  
As morning rises o'er the midnight-shade,  
What first was ow'd humanity to both,  
Assisting piety and tender thought,  
Grew swift and silent into love for one ;  
My sole offence—if love can then offend,  
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

‘ O Theodora! who thy world of charms,  
That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,  
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,  
Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,  
That grace of air, by happy nature thine !  
For all in thee was native ; from within  
Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream  
From its unfailing source ! and then, too, seen  
In milder lights ; by Sorrow's shading hand  
Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,

By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.  
 O sweetness without name! when Love looks on  
 With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul  
 Endears, ennobles, her whom Fate afflicts,  
 Or Fortune leaves unhappy! passion then  
 Refines to virtue; then a purer train  
 Of Heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd  
 By self-regard, or thought of due return,  
 The breast expanding, all its powers exalt  
 To emulate what reason best conceives  
 Of love celestial, whose prevenient aid  
 Forbids approaching ill, or gracious draws,  
 When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,  
 From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe!

‘ By this plain courtship of the honest heart  
 To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows  
 The gentle maid with unreluctant ear  
 Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown  
 With smiles of kind assent; with looks that spoke,  
 In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd  
 To mutual love. O Fortune's fairest hour!  
 O seen, but not enjoy'd; just hail'd and lost  
 Its flattering brightness! Theodora's form,  
 Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye;  
 And Love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,  
 By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name  
 Profanes not; Love, his stubborn breast dissolv'd  
 To transient goodness.—But my thought shrinks  
 Reluctant to proceed; and filial awe, [back,  
 With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime  
 The veil of silence and oblivious night  
 Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,  
 Awed from her eye, and from her lip severe  
 Dash'd with indignant scorn each harbour'd thought

Of soft emotion or of social sense,  
Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul  
That bigot-rage imbosoms, fled at once,  
And all the savage reassum'd his breast.  
“ ’Tis just, (he cried) who thus invites disdain,  
Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,  
Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,  
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.  
When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,  
Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,  
Shall be my care.”—This threat, by brutal scorn  
Keen’d and inbitter’d, terrible to both,  
To one prov’d fatal    Silent-wasting grief,  
The mortal worm that on Emilia’s frame  
Had prey’d unseen, now deep through all her pow’rs  
Its poison spread, and kill’d their vital growth.  
Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight  
Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?—  
Aurelius! O most injur’d of mankind!  
Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add  
To woe new anguish? and to grief despair——  
She is no more——’  
‘ O Providence severe!’  
Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cried;  
But curb’d a second groan, repell’d the voice  
Of froward grief, and to the Will Supreme,  
In justice awful, lowly bending his,  
Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,  
By all the war of nature though assail’d,  
Escap’d his lips—‘ What! shall we from Heaven’s  
With life receiving happiness, our share    [grace  
Of ill refuse? and are afflictions aught  
But mercies in disguise? the’ alternate cup,  
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar’d

By Love's own hand for salutary ends.  
But, were they ill indeed, can fond Complaint  
Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command  
This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb  
Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again  
The hours of yesterday? or from the womb  
Of that unsounded deep, the buried corse  
To light and life restore? Bless'd pair! farewell!  
Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,  
Of human fondness sighing in the breast,  
And sorrow is no more.—Now, gentle youth!  
And let me call thee Son, (for, O! that name  
Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne  
Of pains for me too sadly have deserv'd)  
On with thy tale: 'tis mine, when Heaven afflicts,  
To hearken and adore.'—The patient man  
Thus spoke; Amyntor thus his story clos'd:  
‘As dumb with anguish round the bed of death  
Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd  
Her closing eyes, then fixing, in cold gaze,  
On Theodora's face—“O save my child!”  
She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept  
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth  
I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace  
Her shade receive; and with the truest tears  
Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.  
‘What then remain'd for honour or for love?  
What, but that scene of violence to fly,  
With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,  
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,  
When shade and silence o'er this nether orb  
With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon  
Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere,  
On that drear spot within whose cavern'd womb  
Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils

Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there  
I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,  
With sacred terror, which the time, the place,  
Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent  
My trembling knee, and lock'd in her's my hand,  
Across her parent's grave :—" By this dread scene !  
By night's pale regent ! by yon glorious train  
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn !  
By Death's dark empire ! by the sheeted dust  
That once was man, now mouldering here below !  
But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb  
Reverent we kneel ! and by her nobler part,  
The' unbodiy'd spirit hovering near, perhaps  
As witness to our vows ! nor time, nor chance,  
Nor aught but Death's inevitable hand,  
Shall e'er divide our loves."—I led her thence,  
To where, safe station'd in a secret bay,  
Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines  
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.  
We sail'd—But, O my father ! can I speak  
What yet remains ? yon ocean, black with storm !  
Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine !  
The speechless crew aghast ! and that lost Fair !  
Still, still I see her ! feel her heart pant thick !  
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to Heav'n  
For me alone prefer'd ; as on my arm  
Expiring, sinking, with her fears she hung !  
I kiss'd her pale cold cheek ! with tears adjur'd,  
And won at last, with sums of proffer'd gold,  
The boldest mariners this precious charge  
Instant to save, and in the skiff secur'd,  
Their oars across the foamy flood to ply  
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd  
To follow her.—That moment from the deck  
A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulf ;



Nor me alone; its broad and billowing sweep  
Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious Heav'n!  
My fatal love on her devoted head  
Drew down—it must be so!—the judgment due  
To me and mine; or was Amyntor sav'd  
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?  
For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?  
And years of death to come?—Nor further voice  
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supplied;  
With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze  
To Heaven uplifted, motionless and mute  
He stood, the mournful semblance of Despair.

The lamp of day, though from mid-noon declin'd,  
Still flaming with full ardour, shot on earth  
Oppressive brightness round, till in soft steam,  
From Ocean's bosom his light vapours drawn,  
With grateful intervention o'er the sky  
Their veil diffusive spread, the scene abroad  
Soft-shadowing vale and plain and dazzling hill.  
Aurelius with his guest the western cliff  
Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,  
From whence in double stream a lucid source  
Roll'd sounding forth, and where with dewy wing  
Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,  
Till cooler hours arise. The subject-isle  
Her village-capital, where Health and Peace  
Are tutelary gods, her small domain  
Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams  
That branching bear refreshful moisture on  
To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude,  
Where Piety, not Pride, adoring kneels,  
Lay full in view: from scene to scene around  
Aurelius gaz'd, and, sighing, thus began:—

‘ Not we alone ; alas ! in every clime  
The human race are sons of sorrow born ;  
Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,  
Of pain and grief, from sire to son deriv’d,  
All have their mournful portion ; all must bear  
The’ impos’d condition of their mortal state,  
Vicissitude of suffering ! Cast thine eye  
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads  
Full to the noon-tide beam its prinrose lap,  
From hence due east.’ Amyntor look’d, and saw,  
Not without wonder at a sight so strange,  
Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm’d  
With rural instruments, the soil prepar’d  
For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,  
To turn the mould and break the’ adhesive clods,  
Employ’d assiduous ; those, with equal pace,  
And arm alternate, strew’d its fresh lap white  
With fruitful Ceres ; while, in train behind,  
Three more the’ incumbent harrow heavy on  
O’er-labour’d drew, and clos’d the toilsome task.

‘ Behold ! (Aurelius thus his speech renew’d)  
From that soft sex, too delicately fram’d  
For toils like these, the task of rougher man,  
What yet necessity demands severe.  
Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills  
With orient beams, as many nights along  
Their dewy summits drawn the’ alternate veil  
Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,  
The husbands of those widow’d mates, who now  
For both must labour, launch’d, in quest of food,  
Their island-skiff adventurous on the deep :  
Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung’d  
The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals

Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,  
As annual on from shore to shore they move  
In watry caravan; them, thus intent,  
Dark from the south a gust of furious wind,  
Upspringing, drove to sea, and left in tears  
This little world of brothers and of friends!  
But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,  
Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,  
To sight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd  
The wreck before surmis'd, one general groan  
To Heaven ascending, spoke the general breast  
With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,  
Through these hoarse rocks on this resounding shore,  
At morn was heard; at midnight, too, were seen;  
Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height  
The mourners spread, exploring land and sea  
With eager gaze—till from yon lesser isle,  
Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd—  
Full north, behold! above the soaring lark  
Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white  
With curling mists:—at last from yon hoar hills,  
Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze  
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,  
Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,  
(Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,)  
Successive kindled, and from night to night  
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,  
Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now  
From rapture wept; yet ever and anon  
By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought  
How from yon rocky prison to release  
Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat  
Destroy'd) and whom the inevitable siege  
Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains

The human heart ; and now their faithful wives,  
With love-taught skill and vigour not their own,  
On yonder field the' autumnal year prepare <sup>5</sup>.'

Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard  
With sympathizing sorrow, on himself,  
On his severer fate, now pondering deep,  
Rapt by sad thought, the hill unheeding left,  
And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.  
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,  
Or sailing level on the polar gale  
That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,  
The summer nations of these pregnant cliffs,  
Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread  
Their various plumage, or in wild notes hail'd  
His parent-beam that animates and cheers  
All living kinds: he, glorious from amidst  
A pomp of golden clouds, the' Atlantic flood  
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast  
Wav'd one unbounded blush ; a scene to strike  
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight !  
But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd  
Regardless on, through other walks convey'd  
Of baleful prospect, which pale Fancy rais'd  
Incessant to herself, and sabled o'er  
With darkest night, meet region for despair !  
Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base  
Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,  
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,  
At distance saw, descending on the shore,  
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown

<sup>5</sup> The Author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

A double band, who by their gestures strange  
There fix'd him wondering; for at once they knelt,  
With hands upheld; at once to Heaven, as seem'd,  
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise;  
Then slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:  
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,  
On either side supported, onward came  
Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid,  
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,  
Or plung'd in grief profound—'Oh! all ye Powers!  
Amyntor, startling, cried; and shot his soul  
In rapid glance before him on her face:  
'Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood  
Runs chill; my feet are rooted here—and, see!  
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.  
The spirits who this ocean waste and wild  
Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,  
Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange  
The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd,  
So like my love, of unsubstantial air,  
Embodied, featur'd, it with all her charms—  
And, lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine  
With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!  
He ran, he flew: his clasping arms receiv'd  
Her sinking weight—'O earth, and air, and sea!  
'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,  
Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here,  
Omnipotent in mercy!'—As he spoke,  
Adown his cheek, through shivering joy and doubt,  
The tear fast-falling stream'd. 'My love! my life!  
Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith!  
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,  
Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring  
The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul

Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs,  
My Theodora! yet awake: 'tis I,  
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!—At that name,  
That potent name, her spirit from the verge  
Of death recall'd, she, trembling, rais'd her eyes;  
Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,  
And murmur'd out his name, then sunk again;  
Then swoon'd upon his bosom through excess  
Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.  
The rosebud thus, that to the beam serene  
Of morning, glad unfolds her tender charms,  
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!  
For now, while on her face these men unknown  
The stream, with cool aspersion, busy cast,  
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,  
Beheld in them—his friends! the' adventrous few,  
Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill  
Had sav'd her from the deep! As o'er her cheek  
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd  
In dawning purple, from their lips he learn'd  
How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,  
Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,  
These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,  
(So Heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,  
With toil invincible, from shelve and rock  
Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast  
Its prow directed safe—He heard no more;  
The rest already known, his every sense,  
His full-collected soul, on her alone  
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,  
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear:

‘Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!  
My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?

Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed  
Thy real form infold? Thou dreadful deep!  
Ye shores unknown! ye wild-impending hills!  
Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!  
'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,  
Confess their living lord!—What shall I say?  
How vent the boundless transport that expands  
My labouring thought? the' unutterable bliss,  
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death  
The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support  
This swimming brain; I would not now be torn  
Again from life and thee, nor cause thy heart  
A second pang.—At this dilated high  
The swell of joy, most fatal where its force  
Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent  
Now found, and broke in tender dews away  
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,  
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,  
The guardian-genius hovers; so the youth,  
On her lov'd face assiduous and alarm'd,  
In silent fondness dwelt, while all his soul  
With trembling tenderness of hope and fear  
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;  
The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,  
Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit  
For further joy her soft impressive frame.

'O happy! though as yet thou know'st not half  
The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentlest mind,  
Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,  
For all who joy or sorrow; arm thy breast  
With that best temperance, which from fond excess,  
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its pow'rs,  
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm  
thought

On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this isle,  
'Thy godlike father lives ! and, lo !—but curb,  
Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart ;  
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps  
The mountain's side descend !—Abrupt from his  
Her hand she drew, and, as on wings upborne,  
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,  
Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,  
His Theodora ! To his arms he rais'd  
The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.  
' My father !—' O my child !' at once they cried :  
Nor more : the rest ecstatic silence spoke,  
And Nature from her inmost seat of sense  
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bless'd scene,  
Where emulous in either bosom strove  
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,  
Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile,  
And Heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this blissful hour ; the joy,  
With instant flow, from shore to shore along  
Diffusive ran, and all the' exulting isle  
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,  
To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd !  
In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept ;  
While each a sire, a husband, or a friend,  
Embracing held and kiss'd.  
Now, while the song,  
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,  
What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,  
Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd  
Aloud to Heaven ! Montano, reverend seer,  
(Whose eye prophetic far through time's abyss  
Could shoot its beam, and there the births of Fate,  
Yet immature and in their causes hid,



Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood ;  
His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes  
From outward vision held, and all the man  
Entranc'd in wonder at the' unfolding scene,  
On fluid air, as in a mirror seen,  
And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.

' They fly! (he cried) they melt in air away,  
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercast!  
With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd,  
Her drooping plains; while, dawning rosy round,  
A purer morning lights up all her skies!  
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!  
Immortal William! borne triumphant on,  
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,  
White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,  
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!  
See! with spread wing Britannia's genius flies  
Before his prow, commands the speeding gales  
To waft him on, and o'er the hero's head,  
Inwreath'd with olive, bears the laurel-crown;  
Bless'd emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!  
And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,  
To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd,  
What thunders of acclaim!—Aurelius! man  
By Heaven belov'd, thou, too, that sacred sun  
Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shrine!  
I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd  
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race  
From this bless'd pair to spring; whom equal faith,  
And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold  
From youth to reverend age, the calmer hours  
Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn,  
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown!

## WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

---

'Twas at the silent solemn hour  
When night and morning meet,  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn  
Clad in a wintry cloud,  
And clay-cold was her lily hand  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown;  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When Death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consum'd her early prime:  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;  
She died before her time.

'Awake! (she cried) thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refus'd to save.

‘ This is the dumb and dreary hour  
When injur’d ghosts complain,  
When yawning graves give up their dead  
To haunt the faithless swain.

‘ Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath;  
And give me back my maiden-vow,  
And give me back my troth.

‘ Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?  
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

‘ How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?

‘ Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale?  
And why did I, young witless maid!  
Believe the flattering tale?

‘ That face, alas! no more is fair,  
Those lips no longer red:  
Dark are my eyes, now clos’d in death,  
And every charm is fled.

‘ The hungry worm my sister is;  
This winding-sheet I wear;  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

' But, hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence ;  
 A long and late adieu !—  
 Come see, false man ! how low she lies  
 Who died for love of you.'

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd  
 With beams of rosy red ;  
 Pale William quak'd in every limb,  
 And, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place  
 Where Margaret's body lay,  
 And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf  
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  
 And thrice he wept full sore ;  
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
 And word spoke never more<sup>1</sup> !

<sup>1</sup> In a comedy of Fletcher, called ' The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' old Merrythought enters, repeating the following verses :

When it was grown to dark midnight,  
 And all were fast asleep,  
 In came Margaret's grimly ghost,  
 And stood at William's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote : and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy ; and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing Poem.

MALLET.

## EDWIN AND EMMA<sup>1</sup>.

Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain ;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age. SHAKSP. *Twelfth Night*.

FAR in the windings of a vale,  
Fast by a sheltering wood,  
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,  
An humble cottage stood :

- <sup>1</sup> *Extract of a letter from the Curate of Bowes, in Yorkshire, on the subject of this poem, to Mr. Copperthwaite, at Marrick.*

‘ Worthy Sir,

‘ As to the affair mentioned in your’s, it happened long before my time : I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows.—The family-name of the young man was Wrightson, of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age, that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity; but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably; but as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year: when it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt; for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, ‘ that blood was nothing without groats.’ The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair  
 Beneath a mother's eye,  
 Whose only wish on earth was now  
 To see her bless'd and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,  
 Gave colour to her cheek ;  
 Such orient colour smiles through Heav'n  
 When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
 This charmer of the plains ;  
 That sun which bids their diamond blaze,  
 To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,  
 Each maiden with despair,  
 And though by all a wonder own'd,  
 Yet knew not she was fair ;

Tuesday, and died the Sunday se'nnight after. On the last day of his illness he desired to see his mistress: she was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late: but her daughter Hannah lay at his back, to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts. At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after. The then curate of Bowes\* inserted it in his register that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.

' I am,

' Dear Sir,

' Your's,' &c.

\* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract named by the neighbouring people *Stammore*, which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains!  
A soul devoid of art,  
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,  
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,  
Was quickly too reveal'd;  
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,  
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss  
Did love on both bestow!  
But bliss too mighty long to last,  
Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,  
Like her in mischief joy'd,  
To work them harm, with wicked skill  
Each darker art employ'd:

The father too, a sordid man!  
Who love nor pity knew,  
Was all-unfeeling as the clod  
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,  
And seen it long unmov'd,  
Then, with a father's frown, at last  
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war  
Of differing passions strove;  
His heart, that durst not disobey,  
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind  
The spreading hawthorn crept,  
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanemore's wintry's waste,  
Beneath the moonlight-shade,  
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,  
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
A deadly pale o'ercast ;  
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,  
Hung o'er his dying bed,  
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,  
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past, (he cried)—but if your souls  
Sweet mercy yet can move, '  
Let these dim eyes once more behold  
What they must ever love.'

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,  
And bathed with many a tear :  
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale  
So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,  
A cruel sister she !  
Forbade what Emma came to say,—  
' My Edwin ! live for me.'



Now homeward as she hopeless wept  
The church-yard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night  
Her startling fancy found  
In every bush his hovering shade,  
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd  
The visionary vale—  
When, lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,  
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,  
Her aged mother's door—  
' He's gone ! (she cried) and I shall see  
That angel-face no more !

' I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
Beat high against my side—'  
From her white arm down sunk her head ;  
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

# THE EXCURSION<sup>1</sup>.

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## IN TWO CANTOS.

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### CONTENTS.

#### CANTO I.

Invocation, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed. A short excursive survey of the earth and heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sun-rise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased. With the return of morning, Fancy continues her excursion; first northward—a view of the Arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary—from thence southward—a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the midland part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects, at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

#### CANTO II.

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system and of the fixed stars.

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#### CANTO I.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative power,  
Imagination! at whose great command

<sup>1</sup> This Poem is among the Author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, (which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse,) is submitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

Arise unnumber'd images of things,  
'Thy hourly offspring; thou who canst at will  
People with air-born shapes the silent wood  
And solitary vale, thy own domain,  
Where Contemplation haunts; oh! come, invok'd,  
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing  
O'er earth's extended space; and thence, on high,  
Spread to superior worlds thy bolder flight,  
Excursive, unconfin'd: hence from the haunts  
Of vice and folly, vanity and man.—

To yon expanse of plains where Truth delights,  
Simple of heart, and hand in hand with her  
Where blameless Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,  
Parent of beauty and of song, has left  
His mantle, flower-embroider'd, on the ground,  
While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months  
Crown his prime season with their choicest stores,  
Fresh roses opening to the solar ray,  
And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded bough.

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,  
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,  
Heard from the distant village in the vale,  
Crows cheerly out, far-sounding through the gloom:  
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-sky,  
She rules the sable hour, and calls her train  
Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,  
'The dream distressful, and the' incumbent lag,  
That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,  
While Reason slumbering lies: at once they fly,  
As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,  
From east to north, in doubtful twilight seen,  
A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam,  
While shade and silence yet involve the ball:

Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene  
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world :  
Gay daughter of the Air, for ever young,  
For ever pleasing, lo! she onward comes,  
In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,  
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues : at her approach,  
The western grey of yonder breaking clouds  
Slow-reddens into flame; the rising mists,  
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away  
In curling spires, and open all his woods,  
High waving in the sky; the' uncolour'd stream  
Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines :  
Glad Nature feels her through her boundless realm  
Of life and sense, and calls forth all her sweets,  
Fragrance and song: from each unfolding flower  
Transpires the balm of life that Zephyr wafts,  
Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,  
Or high in air or secret in the shade,  
Rejoicing, warbles wild his matin hymn ;  
While beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,  
Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,  
In brake or cavern slumber out the day.

Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad,  
See, from his humble roof the good man comes  
To taste her freshness, and improve her rise  
In holy musing : rapture in his eye  
And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul  
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise.

Now Industry is up : the village pours  
Her useful sons abroad to various toil ;  
The labourer here with every instrument  
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the swain,  
A rural king amid his subject flocks,  
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.

The traveller, too, pursues his early road  
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls,  
And all the living landscape moves around.

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense  
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd  
O'er Heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume  
Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams  
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold, [hold!  
And speak their sovereign's state. He comes; be-  
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!  
The king of Glory!—round his head divine  
Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow,  
As o'er the Indian wave up-rising fair,  
He looks abroad on Nature; and invests,  
Where'er his universal eye surveys,  
Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea and sky,  
In one bright robe with heavenly tinctures gay.

From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain  
Half-way up Heaven, ambitious, brown with woods  
Of broadest shade, and terrac'd round with walks  
Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,  
Maze above maze, through all its shelter'd height;  
From hence the' ærial concave without cloud,  
Translucent, and in purest azure dress'd;  
The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;  
The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,  
Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;  
The nearest forest in wide circuit spread;  
Solemn recess! whose solitary walks  
Fair Truth and Wisdom love; the bordering lawn,  
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisied vale;  
The river's crystal, and the meadow's green—  
Grateful diversity! allure the eye  
Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every Virtue, every Muse,  
Delighted range, serene the soul; and lift,  
Borne on Devotion's wing, beyond the pole,  
To highest Heaven, her thought; to Nature's God,  
First source of all things lovely, all things good,  
Eternal, infinite! before whose throne  
Sits sovereign Bounty, and through Heaven and earth  
Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss:  
Him all things own; he speaks, and it is day:  
Obedient to his nod, alternate Night  
Obscures the world: the Seasons at his call  
Succeed in train, and lead the Year around.

While reason thus and rapture fill the heart,  
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,  
Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend;  
And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath  
When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her  
Inspire new vigour, purer light supply, [pow'rs  
And kindle every virtue into flame.  
Celestial intercourse! superior bliss,  
Which Vice ne'er knew! health of the'enliven'd soul,  
And Heaven on earth begun! Thus, ever fix'd  
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,  
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along,  
As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown.

Exalted to his noon the fervent sun,  
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out  
With fierce effulgence. Now the'embowering maze  
Of vale sequester'd, or the fir-crown'd side  
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse  
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step  
Of musing poet, and secures repose  
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,  
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,

Sick Nature pants ; and from the cleaving earth  
Light vapours, undulating through the air,  
Contagious fly, engendering dire disease,  
Red plague and fever, or in fogs aloft  
Condensing, show a ruffling tempest nigh.

And see, exhaling from the' Atlantic surge,  
Wild world of waters ! distant clouds ascend  
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud,  
Then rolling dust along to east and north,  
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,  
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon.  
Lo ! bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand,  
In homeward-warnings through each feeling nerve  
Haste, from the hour of terror and of storm.  
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,  
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread  
And Death attend, the servants of his nod,  
First in deaf murmurs sounds the deep alarm,  
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.  
Dumb sadness fills this nether world ; the gloom  
With double blackness lours ; the tempest swells,  
And expectation shakes the heart of man.

Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend  
Broad o'er the south, fermenting in their womb,  
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,  
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd  
From mine or unctuous soil ; and, lo ! at once,  
Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,  
Quick glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.  
Again it flames expansive, sheets the sky,  
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,  
On all sides burning ; now the face of things  
Diselosing, swallow'd now in tenfold night.  
Again the Thunder's voice, with pealing roar,

From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,  
Amazing bursts! Air, sea, and shore, resound:  
Horror sits shuddering in the felon-breast,  
And feels the deathful flash before it flies:  
Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view,  
And all is storm within. The murderer, pale  
With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,  
Hears and flies wild, pursued by all his fears,  
And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain  
Rise hideous, glaring on him through the gloom.

Hark! through the' aërial vault the storm, inflam'd,  
Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,  
Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst;  
'Torn from its base, as if the general frame  
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,  
With whirlwind wing, in red diffusion flash'd:  
Destruction marks its path. Yon riven oak  
Is hid in smouldering fires; surpris'd beneath,  
'The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,  
A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to Heav'n,  
And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,  
All horrible, had sped their steps, behold!  
The parent breathless lies, her orphan babes  
Shuddering and speechless round—O Power divine!  
Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of Fate,  
Thy hand though terrible, shall man decide  
If punishment or mercy dealt the blow?

Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies  
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd;  
At once the clouds fly scattering, and the sun  
Breaks out with boundless splendour o'er the world.  
Parent of light and joy! to all things he  
New life restores, and from each drooping field  
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists



Fast-rising to his ray, till every flower  
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles, reviv'd.

At first 'tis awful silence over all,  
From sense of late-felt danger ; till confirm'd,  
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird  
Rejoice aloud to Heaven: on either hand  
The woodlands warble, and the vallies lowe.  
So pass the songful hours. And now the sun,  
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,  
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red,  
The space of many seas beneath his eye,  
Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore :  
A circling glory glows around his disk  
Of milder beams ; part, streaming o'er the sky,  
Inflame the distant azure ; part below  
In level lines shoot through the waving wood,  
Clad half in light and half in pleasing shade,  
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening-clouds,  
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,  
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,  
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes  
Of visionary beauty, antique towers  
With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd,  
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink  
As sportful Fancy lists ; till late, the sun  
From human eye behind earth's shading orb  
Total withdrawn, the' aërial landscape fades.

Distinction fails, and in the darkening west  
The last light, quivering, dimly dies away.  
And now the' illusive flame, oft seen at eve  
Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,  
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach :  
Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,  
Onward she comes with silent step and slow,

In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along  
The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,  
And Meditation, with his eye on Heaven!

Musing, in sober mood, of time and life,  
That fly with unreturning wing away  
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,  
Eternity! through desert ways I walk;  
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shunn'd  
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,  
And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,  
With fancy all arous'd.—Far on the left  
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,  
The raven's haunt; and down its woody steep  
A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls  
His sounding waters; white on every cliff [gloom.  
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles through the

Behind me rises huge a reverend pile,  
Sole on this blasted heath, a place of tombs,  
Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells:  
Brooding o'er sightless skulls and crumbling bones  
Ghastful he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare  
(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines  
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,  
The time-shook arch, the column grey with moss,  
The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,  
Whose monumental flattery, mix'd with dust,  
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.  
All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd;  
Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl  
Screams solitary to the mournful moon,  
Glimmering her western ray through yonder aisle,  
Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot  
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail, midnight shades! hail, venerable dome!

By age more venerable ; sacred shore,  
Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,  
Where never wind of passion or of guilt,  
Of suffering or of sorrow, shall invade  
The calm sound night of those who rest below.  
The weary are at peace ; the small and great,  
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here :  
Here sleeps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,  
Nor hears the' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,  
With all the sons of Mourning, fearless now  
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.  
Proud greatness, too, the tyranny of power,  
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,  
And name and place, are here—for ever lost !

But, at near distance on the mouldering wall  
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd  
And fair inscription, where with head declin'd,  
And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round,  
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.  
Thyrsis—'tis he ! the wisest and the best !  
Lamented shade ! whom every gift of Heav'n  
Profusely bless'd ; all learning was his own ;  
Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,  
Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear :  
His manners greatly plain : a noble grace,  
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,  
Adorn'd him : his calm temper winning mild ;  
Nor Pity softer, nor was Truth more bright :  
Constant in doing well, he neither sought  
Nor shun'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd  
Near him neglected ; sympathizing, he  
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye  
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.

'Tis morning, and the Sun his welcome light  
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,

Casts through the air, renewing Nature's face  
With heaven-born beauty : o'er her ample breast,  
O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along,  
Quick as the darted beam from pole to pole,  
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,  
Alone with Winter in his inmost realm,  
Region of horrors! here amid the roar  
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence  
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides the' ungenial pow'r,  
For ever silent, shivering and forlorn!  
From Zembla's cliffs on to the streights surmis'd  
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose  
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,  
One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn  
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo! hills of snow,  
Hill behind hill, and alp on alp, ascend,  
Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun  
Impenetrable ; rising from afar  
In misty prospect dim, as if on air  
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds :  
Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime,  
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,  
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,  
Through floating isles of ice and fighting storms,  
Roam the wild waves in search of doubtful shores,  
By west or east, a path yet unexplor'd !

Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,  
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave  
The blue Sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense  
In solitary length the Desert lies,  
Where Desolation keeps his empty court :  
No bloom of spring o'er all the thirsty vast,  
Nor spiry grass, is found ; but sands instead  
In sterile hills, and rough rocks rising grey.

A land of fears! where visionary forms

Of grisly spectres from air, flood, and fire,  
Swarm, and before them speechless Horror stalks !  
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,  
The secret hag and sorcerer unblest'd  
Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,  
Spoils of the violated grave : and now,  
Late at the hour that severs night from morn,  
When sleep has silenc'd every thought of man,  
They to their revels fall, infernal throng !  
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn  
To the four winds of heaven with haggard gaze,  
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,  
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,  
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,  
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering sky.

From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of Death,  
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote  
Southward I stray, where Caucasus in view,  
Bulwark of nations ! in broad eminence  
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,  
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,  
Pale-glittering with eternal snows to Heaven.  
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest shades  
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring  
woods,

Imagination travels with quick eye  
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views  
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles,  
Her mighty continents, outstretch'd immense,  
Where Europe, Asia, Afric, of old fame,  
Their regions numberless extend ; and where,  
To farthest point of west, Columbus late  
Through untried oceans borne to shores unknown  
Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld

A new, a fair, a fertile, world arise !  
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,  
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,  
The Muse's walk, on which the Sun's bright eye  
Propitious looks, invite her willing step.  
Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,  
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods  
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst,  
Lavish of flowers and fragrance, where soft Spring,  
Lord of the year ! indulges to each field  
The fanning breeze, live spring, and sheltering grove.

In these bless'd plains a spacious city spreads  
Her round extent magnificent, and seems  
The seat of empire : dazzling in the sky,  
With far-seen blaze, her towery structures shine,  
Elaborate works of art ! each opening gate  
Sends forth its thousands : peace and plenty round  
Environ her. In each frequented school  
Learning exalts his head, and Commerce pours -  
Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.  
How fair and fortunate ! how worthy all  
Of lasting bliss secure : yet all must fail,  
O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be found.

A sullen calm unusual, dark and dead,  
Arises inauspicious o'er the heavens.  
The beamless sun looks wan ; a sighing cold  
Winters the shadow'd air ; the birds on high,  
Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand :  
And now, within the bosom of the globe,  
Where sulphur stor'd and nitre peaceful slept,  
For ages, in their subterranean bed,  
Ferments the' approaching tempest. Vapoury  
    steams,  
Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd,

Their deadly breath apply. The' enkindled mass,  
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,  
With horror unconceiv'd, dislodged bursts  
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore  
Reels the broad continent with all its load,  
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes;  
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,  
And lightning's ruddy glare; while, from beneath,  
Deaf distant roarings, through the wide profound  
Rueful are heard, as when Despair complains.

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital  
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,  
Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads  
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,  
Sad gazing on the mournful skies around,  
A moment's dreadful silence! then loud screams  
And eager supplications rend the skies.  
Lo! crowds on crowds, in hurried stream along,  
From street to street, from gate to gate, roll'd on,  
This, that way, burst in waves, by horror wing'd  
To distant hill or cave; while half the globe,  
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,  
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd  
In surges, her vex'd surface rolls a sea:  
Ruin ensues; towers, temples, palaces,  
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof  
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,  
Fall total—In that universal groan,  
Sounding to Heaven, expir'd a thousand lives,  
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck!

Sight, full of fate! up from the centre torn  
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,  
Flashing pale flames—down through the gulfs pro-  
found,

Screaming, whole crowds of every age and rank,  
With hands to Heaven rais'd high, imploring aid,  
Prone to the' abyss descend, and o'er their heads  
Earth shuts her pondrous jaws. Part lost in night  
Return no more ; part on the wafting wave,  
Borne through the darkness of the' infernal world,  
Far distant rise, emerging with the flood,  
Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,  
A shuddering band ; distraction in each eye  
Stares wildly motionless ; they pant, they catch  
A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim  
The wreck that drives along, to gain from Fate,  
Short interval ! a moment's doubtful life :  
For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent  
With final dissolution, the huge mass  
Fails undermin'd—Down, down the' extensive seat  
Of this fair city, down her buildings sink !  
Sinks the full pride her ample walls inclos'd,  
In one wild havock crash'd, with burst beyond  
Heaven's loudest thunder ! Uproar unconceiv'd !  
Image of Nature's general frame destroy'd !

How greatly terrible, how dark and deep  
The purposes of Heaven ! At once o'erthrown  
White age and youth, the guilty and the just ;  
O seemingly severe, promiscuous fall !  
Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores  
The fearful providence, confus'd, subdued  
To silence and amazement, with due praise  
Acknowledges the' Almighty, and adores  
His Will unerring, wisest, justest, best !

The country mourns around with alter'd look :  
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring  
Sat gaily dress'd amid the vernal breath  
Of roses, and the song of nightingales



Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die :  
Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave  
A sandy tract ; and goodly mountains, hurl'd  
In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain  
With rough encumbrance, or through depths of earth  
Fall ruinous, with all their woods inmers'd.

Sulphureous damps, of dark and deadly pow'r,  
Steam'd from the' abyss, fly secret overhead,  
Wounding the healthful air, whence foul disease,  
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks ;  
In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life  
Dimm'd and diminish'd ; or more fatal ill  
Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd :  
Here into madness work'd and boiling o'er  
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea  
Foaming out mud and filth ; here downward sunk  
To folly, and in idle musing rapt,  
Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud,  
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.

A while the fiery spirit in its cell  
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,  
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof  
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collision down  
Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark  
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,  
Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd,  
The flames bear downward on the central deep,  
Immeasurable source ! whence ocean fills  
His numerous seas, and pours them round the globe.  
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse  
In dire commotion boils, and bursting way  
Up through the' unsounded bottoms of the main,  
Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,  
At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,

With raving violence : and now their shores,  
Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,  
O'erswelling mound and cliff; now swift and strange,  
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach  
A naked waste of sands—Meantime, behold!

Yon neighbouring mountain rising bleak and bare,  
Its double top in sterile ashes hid,  
But green around its base with oil and wine,  
Gives sign of storm and desolation near;  
Storehouse of Fate! from whose infernal womb,  
With fiery minerals and metallic ore  
Pernicious freight, ascends eternal smoke;  
Now wavering loose in air, now borne on high,  
A dusky column heightening to the sun!  
Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd  
The steepy gulf, pale-flaming and profound,  
With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd  
To sevenfold fury. First discordant sounds,  
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,  
The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds,  
Through wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,  
Rise from the distant depth, where Uproar reigns:  
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws  
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,  
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,  
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day,  
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts  
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air:  
Instant in one broad burst a stream of fire  
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.  
Nor pause nor rest; again the mountain groans,  
Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook;  
Again with loudening rage, intensely fierce,  
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,

Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,  
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.

But see ! in second pangs the roaring hill  
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,  
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk,  
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,  
On its own base direct, aloft in air,  
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.  
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,  
With wonder seen, ten thousand lightnings play  
In flash'd vibrations, and from height to height  
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now  
Protruded by the' explosive breath below,  
At once the shadowy summit breaks away  
To all sides round, in billows broad and black,  
As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,  
A vapoury deluge hiding earth and heaven.

Thus all day long ; and now the beamless sun  
Sets as in blood : a dreadful pause ensues,  
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.  
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,  
Falls back and boundless o'er the scene : suspense  
And terror rule the hour. Behold ! from far,  
Imploring Heaven with supplicating hands  
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,  
Yon peopled city stands, each sadden'd face  
Turn'd toward the hill of fears ; and hark ! once more  
The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,  
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near  
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar  
Of winds and seas, or engines big with death,  
That, planted by the murderous hand of War  
To shake the round of some proud capital,  
At once dislodged, in one hursting peal

Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,  
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke  
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd.  
Meanwhile, the fluid lake that works below,  
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,  
Heaves up its boiling tide: the labouring mount  
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,  
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours  
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,  
That glimmer through the night to yonder plain:  
Divided there, a hundred torrent-streams,  
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,  
Resistless: villages, and woods, and rocks,  
Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,  
Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit  
Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,  
And where the vineyard spread her purple store,  
Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd  
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end  
Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,  
From scene to scene excursive, I behold  
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,  
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace  
The Sovereign Maker! first, supreme, and best,  
Who actuates the whole; at whose command,  
Obedient, fire and flood tremendous rise,  
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove  
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways;  
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim  
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfin'd!

## CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating Power  
On earth, but chief on high through Heaven display'd;  
There shines the full magnificence unveil'd  
Of Majesty Divine : refulgent there  
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train  
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye  
And equal rule of one eternal Lord !  
To those bright climes, awakening all her pow'rs,  
And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse  
Ascending soars on through the fluid space,  
The buoyant atmosphere, whose vivid breath,  
Soul of all sublunary life, pervades  
The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths  
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now still,  
From pole to pole the' ærial ocean sleeps,  
One limpid vacancy ; now rous'd to rage  
By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud,  
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows rise,  
And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,  
A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd  
Nor foot of eagle trod, the' ethereal sphere  
Receding, flies approach ; its circling arch  
Alike remote, translucent, and serene :  
Glorious expansion ! by the' Almighty spread !—  
Whose limits who hath seen ? or who with him  
Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,  
And visited the host of Heaven around ?  
Gleaming a borrow'd light, from whence how small  
The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd !  
Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change.  
But here unruffled Calm her even reign

Maintains external; here the lord of day,  
The neighbouring Sun, shines out in all his strength,  
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam  
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source [streams  
Where morning springs; whence her innumerable  
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways  
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain Orb,  
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken  
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,  
Are but a central point, expands immense,  
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,  
That deluges all ether with its tide.  
What power is that which to its circle bounds  
The violence of flame? in rapid whirls  
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave  
Their place, and bursting, overwhelm the world!  
Motion incredible! to which the rage  
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once  
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell  
That radiance beyond measure on the Sun  
Pour'd out transcendent; those keen-flashing rays  
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar  
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!  
Such virtue he, the Majesty of Heav'n,  
Brightness original! all-bounteous king!  
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere  
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike  
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,  
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,  
And dim the day; whence that malignant light,  
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year  
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise  
In shady circles, like the moon beheld  
From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face

Turns thitherward opaque ; a space they brood  
In congregated clouds, then breaking float  
To all sides round : dilated some and dense,  
Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees  
Spread from the confines of the light along,  
Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure  
On to its adverse coast ; till there they set,  
Or vanish scatter'd, measuring thus the time  
That round its axle whirls the radiant Orb.

Fairest of beings! first-created Light!  
Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone  
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race, [charms,  
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their  
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,  
From thy unfailing source of splendour draw!  
In thy pure shine with transport I survey  
This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,  
Their magnitudes and motions : those how vast!  
How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,  
From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,  
Unerring, undisturb'd, the sun's bright train,  
Progressive through the sky's light fluent borne  
Around their centre. Mercury the first,  
Near bordering on the day, with speedy wheel  
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,  
With sevenfold splendour, all his azure road.

Next Venus to the westward of the sun,  
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,  
Circles her larger round. Fair morning-star!  
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,  
The seat of man, hung in the heavens remote,  
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees  
The sun arise, as through the zodiac roll'd;  
Full in the middle path oblique she winds

Her annual orb ; and by her side the Moon,  
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,  
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply  
A softer daylight, whose attractive power  
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,  
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.

Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,  
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,  
With kingly state, the rival of the Sun ;  
About him round four planetary moons,  
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,  
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.  
These in the horizon slow ascending climb  
The steep of heaven, and, mingling in soft flow  
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.  
Those opposite roll downward from their noon  
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length  
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky  
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,  
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,  
Fading their lustre, till they sink involv'd  
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.  
By this the sage who, studious of the skies,  
Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,  
By this observ'd the rapid progress finds  
Of light itself ; how swift the headlong ray  
Shoots from the Sun's height through unbounded  
space,

At once enlightening air, and earth, and Heav'n.

Last, utmost Saturn walks his frontier-round,  
The boundary of worlds, with his pale moons  
Faint-glimmering through the darkness Night has  
thrown,  
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn ;



An endless desert, where extreme of cold  
Eternal sits, as in his native seat,  
On wintry hills of never-thawing ice !  
Such Saturn's earth ; and yet ev'n here the sight  
Amid these doleful scenes new matter finds  
Of wonder and delight ! a mighty ring,  
On each side rising from the' horizon's verge,  
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round  
Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on  
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,  
Climbs slowly to its height, and at the' approach  
Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace  
Draws westward off, till through the lucid round  
In distant view the' illumin'd skies are seen.

Beauteous appearance ! by the' Almighty's hand  
Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,  
Great universal Ruler ! earth and Heaven  
Are thine, spontaneous off-spring of thy will,  
Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime,  
That lifts the soul to thee ! a holy joy,  
By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd  
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite !  
Thy virtual energy the frame of things  
Pervading actuates ; as at first thy hand  
Diffus'd through endless space this limpid sky.  
Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes  
Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each,  
Observant all of one unchanging law.  
Simplicity divine ! by this sole rule,  
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds  
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world  
With mutual love, and to their central sun  
All gravitating ; now with quicken'd pace  
Descending toward the primal orb, and now  
Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion, this hid power infus'd  
Through universal nature, first was known  
To thee, great Newton! Britain's justest pride,  
The boast of human race : whose towering thought  
In her amazing progress unconfin'd,  
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height  
Of science, whither mankind from afar  
Gaze up, astonish'd. Now beyond that height,  
By death from frail mortality set free,  
A pure intelligence, he wings his way  
Through wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world  
Invisible, amid the general quire  
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,  
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes, the soul !  
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,  
For God himself shines forth immediate there,  
Through those eternal climes, the frame of things,  
In its ideal harmony, to him  
Stands all reveal'd.—

But how shall mortal wing  
Attempt this blue profundity of Heaven,  
Unfathomable, endless of extent !  
Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,  
Whose numbers who shall tell ? stupendous host !  
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,  
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,  
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought !  
Awful their order ; each the central fire  
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,  
Solemn and silent, through the pathless void  
Nor change nor error knows. But who their ways  
By Reason, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,  
Instructed can declare ? What search shall find  
Their times and seasons ? their appointed laws,  
Peculiar ? their inhabitants of life,

And of intelligence, from scale to scale  
Harmonious rising, and in fix'd degree,  
Numberless orders, each resembling each,  
Yet all diverse!—Tremendous depth and height  
Of wisdom and of power, that this great whole  
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,  
An infinite of wonders!—Thou! Supreme,  
First independent Cause, whose presence fills  
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves;  
Father of human-kind! the Muse's wing  
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of Heaven  
Roaming the' interminable vast of space,  
She rises, tracing thy Almighty hand  
In its dread operations. Where is now  
The seat of mankind, earth? where her great scenes  
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,  
Assyrian, Roman? or of later name,  
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,  
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd?  
Where is their place?—Let proud Ambition pause,  
And sicken at the vanity that prompts  
His little deeds:—with earth, those nearer orbs,  
Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,  
And each a world, are now for sight too small,  
Are almost lost to thought. The Sun himself,  
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,  
A glimmering star amid the train of night!  
While in these deep abysses of the sky,  
Spaces incomprehensible, new suns,  
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine;  
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,  
Amid the northern host; nor with less state,  
At sumless distance, huge Orion's orbs  
Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon  
Of Sirius, burning through the south of Heaven.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame  
The Milky-Way, whose stream of vivid light,  
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,  
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,  
And whitens the long path to Heaven's extreme;  
Distinguish'd tract! but as with upward flight  
Soaring I gain the' immeasurable steep,  
Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown  
Through these wide fields, all broaden into suns,  
Amazing, sever'd each by gulfs of air,  
In circuit ample as the solar heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,  
Day without cloud abides, alone, and fill'd  
With holy horror, trembling I survey  
Now downward through the universal sphere  
Already past; now up to the' heights untried,  
And of the' enlarging prospect find no bound!  
About me on each hand new wonders rise  
In long succession; here pure scenes of light  
Dazzling the view, here nameless worlds afar,  
Yet undiscover'd; there a dying Sun  
Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,  
Incredible to tell! thick vapoury mists  
From every shore exhaling, mix obscure  
Innumerable clouds, disspreading slow,  
And deepening shade on shade, till the faint globe,  
Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams!  
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,  
With horror see, from distant spheres around,  
The source of day expire, and all his worlds  
At once involv'd in everlasting night!

Such this dread revolution: Heaven itself,  
Subject to change, so feels the waste of years:  
So this cerulean round, the work divine

Of God's own hand, shall fade, and empty night  
Reign solitary, where these stars now roll  
From west to east, their periods ; where the train  
Of comets wander their eccentric ways,  
With infinite excursion, through the' immense  
Of ether, traversing from sky to sky  
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,  
Whose length to trace imagination fails !  
Various their paths, without resistance all  
Through these free spaces borne ; of various face,  
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,  
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers ;  
That, through the shade of night, projecting huge,  
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,  
Embodied mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass  
Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air ;  
While distant orbs with wonder and amaze  
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd,  
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe  
Whose march is ever fatal ; in whose train  
Famine, and War, and desolating Plague,  
Each on his pale horse rides ; the ministers  
Of angry Heaven, to scourge offending worlds !

But, lo ! where one from some far world return'd,  
Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,  
Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,  
Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies,  
By some hid power attracted from his path ;  
Fearful commotion ! into that dusk tract,  
The devious comet, steep descending falls  
With all his flames, rekindling into life  
The' exhausted orb ; and swift a flood of light  
Breaks forth diffusivethrough the gloom, and spreads  
In orient streams to his fair train afar

Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,  
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.

In still amazement lost, the' awaken'd mind  
Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd  
With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight  
Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne  
Far through ethereal ground, the boundless walk  
Of spirits, daily travellers from Heaven,  
Who pass the mystic gulf to journey here,  
Searching the' Almighty Maker in his works  
From worlds to worlds, and in triumphant quire  
Of voice and harp extolling his high praise.

Immortal natures! clothed with brightness round  
Empyrean, from the source of light effus'd,  
More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam;  
Their will unerring, their affections pure,  
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,  
Whose object God alone; for all things else,  
Created beauty, and created good,  
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more:  
Sublime their intellect, and without spot,  
Enlarg'd to draw truth's endless prospect in,  
Ineffable, eternity and time:  
The train of beings, all by gradual scale  
Descending, sunless orders and degrees;  
The' unsounded depth, which mortals dare not try,  
Of God's perfections; how these heavens first sprung  
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd  
In number, weight, and measure; what hid laws,  
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all  
The will of Heaven fulfil: some his fierce wrath  
Bear through the nations, pestilence and war;  
His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,

To thousands : some the fate of empires rule,  
Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian-wings  
The pious monarch and the legal throne.

Nor is the sovereign nor the' illustrious great  
Alone their care : to every lessening rank  
Of worth propitious, these bless'd minds embrace  
With universal love the just and good,  
Wherever found ; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,  
Depress'd by fortune, and with hate pursued,  
Or insult, from the proud oppressor's brow,  
Yet dear to Heaven, and meriting the watch  
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,  
At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,  
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul  
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake  
The sin-born vanities and low pursuits  
That busy human-kind ; to view their ways  
With pity ; to repay for numerous wrongs  
Meekness and charity : or, rais'd aloft,  
Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to survey  
The circuit of creation ; all these suns, [height,  
With all their worlds : and still from height to  
By things created rising, last ascend  
To that First Cause who made, who governs, all ;  
Fountain of being ! self-existent Power !  
All-wise, all-good ! who from eternal age  
Endures, and fills the' immensity of space ;  
That infinite diffusion, where the mind  
Conceives no limits : undistinguish'd void,  
Invariable, where no landmarks are,  
No paths to guide imagination's flight.

## MISCELLANIES.

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### VERSES

PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

*On his visiting Oxford, in the year 1734.*

RECEIVE, lov'd Prince! the tribute of our praise,  
This hasty welcome in unfinish'd lays.

At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art  
Display the genius, but not speak the heart;  
And oft, as ornament must truth supply,  
Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.

These need not here; for to a soul like thine  
Truth plain and simple will more lovely shine.  
The truly good but wish the verse sincere;  
They court no flattery who no censure fear.

Such Nassau is; the fairest, gentlest mind;  
In blooming youth the Titus of mankind!  
Crowds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,  
Forgot the prince, to praise and love the man.  
Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with  
Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please: [ease,  
Thy bright example shall our world adorn,  
And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,  
That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.  
Here candour dwells, here honest truths are taught,  
To guide and govern, not disguise the thought.



See these enlighten'd sages who preside  
O'er Learning's empire ; see the youth they guide !  
Behold all faces are in transport drest !  
But those most wonder who discern thee best.  
At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives  
A joy the sight of princes rarely gives,  
From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd  
By Fate, the future Neros of their kind.  
But though thy blood, we know, transmitted springs  
From laurell'd heroes and from warrior kings ;  
Through that high series we, delighted, trace  
The friends of liberty and human race !

Oh! born to glad and animate our Isle !  
For thee our heavens look pleas'd, our seasons smile ;  
For thee, late object of our tender fears,  
When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,  
All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy-fair,  
Attended by soft suns and vernal air, [hour,  
Sought those fam'd springs<sup>1</sup> where, each afflictive  
Disease, and age, and pain, invoke her pow'r :  
She came, and while to thee the current flows,  
Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose ;  
Hence to thy cheek that instant bloom deriv'd !  
Hence with thy health the weeping world reviv'd !

Proceed to emulate thy race divine ;  
A life of action and of praise be thine !  
Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,  
By nature daring, but by reason good.  
So great, so glorious thy forefathers shone,  
No son of theirs must hope to live unknown :  
Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight,  
Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.

<sup>1</sup> Bath.

If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,  
 Think what the world may claim, and thou must do :  
 The honours that already grace thy name  
 Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame :  
 Ev'n she, bright Anna ! whom thy worth has won,  
 Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun :  
 Rich in all outward grace, the' exalted Fair  
 Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.  
 O ! be your nuptials crown'd with glad increase  
 Of sons in war renown'd, and great in peace ;  
 Of daughters fair and faithful, to supply  
 The patriot-race, till Nature's self shall die !

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### ON DR. FRAZER'S

REBUILDING PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF  
 ABERDEEN.

In times long past, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,  
 And dar'd despise the worth he would not know ;  
 Ere mitred Pride, which arts alone had rais'd,  
 Those very arts in others saw unprais'd ;  
 Friend to mankind <sup>1</sup>, a prelate good and great  
 The Muses courted to this safe retreat ;  
 Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,  
 With learned Leisure and with Peace to dwell.  
 The fabric finish'd, to the sovereign's fame <sup>2</sup>,  
 His own neglecting, he transferr'd his claim :  
 Here by successive worthies well was taught  
 Whate'er enlightens or exalts the thought :  
 With labour planted, and improv'd with care,  
 The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair ;

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Elphinston.

<sup>2</sup> Calling it King's College, in compliment to James IV.

Soft and serene the kindly seasons roll'd,  
And Science long enjoy'd her age of gold.

Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,  
A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.  
O'er her grey roofs, with baneful ivy bound,  
Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round:  
Silent and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,  
He mines each wail, he moulders every pile!  
Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place,  
And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.

Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,  
Beheld the total desolation near;  
Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly,  
And fix'd on Heaven his sorrow-streaming eye!

From Heaven, in that dark hour, commission'd  
came

Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremost name:  
Sweet Pity flew before her, softly bright,  
At whose felt influence Nature smil'd with light.

'Hear, and rejoice!—(the gracious Power begun)  
Already fir'd by me, thy favourite son  
This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes,  
And from its fall bids fairer fabrics rise.  
Ev'n now, behold! where crumbling fragments grey,  
In dust deep-bury'd, lost to memory, lay;  
The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,  
The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend!

'Nor ends the bounty thus:—by him bestow'd,  
Here Science shall her richest stores unload:  
Whate'er long-lid Philosophy has found,  
Or the Muse sung, with living laurel crown'd;  
Or History descry'd, far-looking sage!  
In the dark doubtfulness of distant age; [bind,  
These, thy best wealth, with curious choice com-  
Now treasur'd here, shall form the studious mind;

To wits unborn the wanted succours give,  
And fire the Bard whom Genius means to live.

‘ But teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace ;  
Let low self-love and pedant discord cease :  
Their object truth, utility their aim,  
One social spirit reign, in all the same :  
Thus aided, arts shall with fresh vigour shoot,  
Their cultur’d blossoms ripen into fruit,  
Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,  
And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay.’

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*A FRAGMENT.*

\* \* \* \*

FAIR Morn ascends ; soft Zephyr’s wing  
O’er hill and vale renews the Spring ;  
Where sown profusely, herb and flower  
Of balmy smell, of healing power,  
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,  
And breathe fresh life in every gale.  
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,  
Where sweetly-pensive Silence reigns ;  
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,  
A mountain fades into the sky ;  
While winding round, diffus’d and deep,  
A river rolls with sounding sweep.  
Of human art no traces near,  
I seem alone with Nature here !

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health !  
The monarch’s bliss, the beggar’s wealth,  
The seasoning of all good below !  
The sovereign friend, in joy or woe !

O thou! most courted, most despis'd,  
And but in absence duly priz'd!  
Power of the soft and rosy face,  
The vivid pulse, the vermeil grace;  
The spirits when they gayest shine,  
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!  
O sum of life! whose heavenly ray  
Lights up and cheers our various day,  
The turbulence of hopes and fears,  
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,  
Till Nature, with thy parting light,  
Reposes late in Death's calm night:  
Fled from the trophied roofs of state,  
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;  
Fled from the couch, where in sweet sleep  
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,  
But tosses through the midnight shade,  
Of death, of life, alike afraid;  
For ever fled to shady cell,  
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell;  
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,  
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;  
Or on the brow of mountain high,  
In silence feasting ear and eye  
With song and prospect, which abound  
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the Sun, with noontide ray,  
Flames forth intolerable day;  
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,  
With Thirst and Languor in his train,  
All Nature sickening in the blaze,  
Thou, in the wild and woody maze  
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,  
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,

Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,  
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plung'd amid the shadows brown,  
Imagination lays him down,  
Attentive, in his airy mood,  
To every murmur of the wood :  
The bee in yonder flowery nook,  
The chidings of the headlong brook,  
The green leaf shivering in the gale,  
The warbling hill, the lowing vale,  
The distant woodman's echoing stroke,  
The thunder of the falling oak :  
From thought to thought in vision led,  
He holds high converse with the dead,  
Sages or poets. See ! they rise,  
And shadowy skim before his eyes.  
Hark ! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,  
That soften'd savages to men :  
Lo, Socrates ! the sent of Heav'n,  
To whom its moral will was giv'n :  
Fathers and friends of human-kind,  
They form'd the nations, or refiu'd ;  
With all that mends the head and heart,  
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,  
At once the sounding breeze was laid,  
And Nature, by the unknown law,  
Shook deep with reverential awe.  
Dumb silence grew upon the hour,  
A browner night involv'd the bow'r ;  
When, issuing from the inmost wood,  
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.  
O Freedom ! sovereign boon of Heav'n,  
Great charter with our being giv'n,

For which the patriot and the sage  
Have plann'd, have bled, through every age!  
High privilege of human race,  
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace,  
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,  
What but from God immediate came!

\* \* \* \*

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*CUPID AND HYMEN;*

OR,

THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE rising morn, serenely still,  
Had brightening spread o'er vale and hill;  
Not those loose beams that wanton play  
To light the mirth of giddy May,  
Nor such red heats as burn the plain  
In ardent Summer's feverish reign,  
But rays all equal, soft, and sober,  
To suit the second of October,  
To suit the pair whose Wedding-day  
This sun now gilds with annual ray.

Just then where our good-natur'd Thames is  
Some four short miles above St. James's,  
And deigns with silver-streaming wave  
The' abodes of earth-born Pride to lave;  
Aloft in air two gods were soaring,  
While Putney-cits beneath lay snoring,  
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten *per cent*  
On sums to their dear country lent;  
Two gods of no inferior fame,  
Whom ancient wits with reverence name,

H

Though wiser moderns much disparage——  
I mean the gods of Love and Marriage.

But Cupid first, his wit to show,  
Assuming a mere modern beau,  
Whose utmost aim is idle mirth,  
Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth, .  
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,  
To grace this common-place chit-chat.

'How! on the wing by break of dawn,  
Dear brother!—(there he forc'd a yawn)—  
To tell men, sunk in sleep profound,  
They must ere night be gagg'd and bound;  
Who having once put on thy chain,  
'Tis odds may ne'er sleep sound again.  
So say the wits; but wiser folks  
Still marry, and condemn their jokes:  
They know each better bliss is thine,  
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine;  
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,  
Which never fails nor ever sours!  
Well, be it so: yet there are fools  
Who dare demur to formal rules;  
Who laugh profanely at their betters,  
And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;  
But, well or ill, jog on through life  
Without that sovereign bliss—a wife!  
Leave these at least, these sad dogs, free  
To stroll with Bacchus and with me,  
And sup in Middlesex or Surrey  
On coarse cold beef and Fanny Murray.'

Thus Cupid—and with such a leer,  
You would have sworn 'twas Ligonier;  
While Hymen soberly replied,  
Yet with an air of conscious pride:



' Just come from yonder wretched scene,  
Where all is venal, false, and mean,  
(Looking on London as he spoke)  
I marvel not at thy dull joke ;  
Nor in such cant to hear thee vapour,  
Thy quiver lin'd with South-sea paper ;  
Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,  
With India bonds for hearts on sale ;  
Their other ends too, as is meet,  
Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-street :  
But couldst thou for a moment quit  
These airs of fashionable wit,  
And reassume thy nobler name—  
Look that way, where I turn my flame—'

He said, and held his torch inclin'd,  
Which, pointed so, still brighter shin'd—  
' Behold yon couple, arm in arm,  
Whom I, eight years, have known to charm,  
And while they wear my willing chains,  
A god dares swear that neither feigns.  
This morn, that bound their mutual vow,  
That bless'd them first, and blesses now,  
They grateful hail ; and from the soul  
Wish thousands o'er both heads may roll,  
Till from life's banquet either guest,  
Embracing, may retire to rest.  
Come then, all raillery laid aside,  
Let this their day serenely glide ;  
With mine thy serious aim unite,  
And both some proper guests invite,  
That not one minute's running sand  
May find their pleasures at a stand.'

At this severe and sad rebuke,  
Enough to make a coxcomb puke,

Poor Cupid, blushing, shrugg'd and winc'd  
Not yet consenting, though convinc'd;  
For 'tis your witling's greatest terror,  
Ev'n when he feels, to own his error;  
Yet with a look of arch grimace  
He took his penitential face;  
Said, ' 'Twas perhaps the surer play  
To give your grave good souls their way;  
That as true humour was grown scarce,  
He chose to see a sober farce;  
For of all cattle and all fowl  
Your solemn-looking ass and owl  
Rais'd much more mirth, he durst aver it,  
Than those jack-puddings, pug and parrot.'

He said, and eastward spread his wing,  
From London some few friends to bring.  
His brother too, with sober cheer,  
For the same end did westward steer;  
But first a pensive love forlorn,  
Who three long weeping years has borne  
His torch revers'd, and all around,  
Where once it flam'd, with cypress bound,  
Sent off to call a neighbouring friend,  
On whom the mournful train attend;  
And bid him, this one day, at least,  
For such a pair, at such a feast,  
Strip off the sable veil, and wear  
His once-gay look and happier air.

But Hymen, speeding forward still,  
Observ'd a man on Richmond-hill<sup>1</sup>,  
Who now first tries a country life,  
Perhaps to fit him for a wife:

<sup>1</sup> A. Mitchell, Esq. minister at the court of Prussia.

But though not much on this he reckon'd,  
The passing god look'd in and beckon'd :  
He knows him rich in social merit,  
With independent taste and spirit ;  
Though he will laugh with men of whim,  
For fear such men should laugh at him.

But, lo ! already on his way,  
In due observance of the day,  
A friend and favourite of the Nine,  
Who can, but seldom cares to shine,  
And one sole virtue would arrive at—  
To keep his many virtues private ;  
Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by stealth,  
His lov'd companions, Ease and Health ;  
Or in his garden, barring out  
The noise of every neighbouring rout,  
At pensive hour of eve and prime  
Marks how the various hand of Time  
Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,  
His vegetable sons and daughters.

While these are on their way, behold !  
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold  
First seeks and sends his new Lord-Warden <sup>2</sup>  
Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden ;  
Brave as the sword he wears in fight,  
Sincere, and briefly in the right ;  
Whom never minister or king  
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.

A second see ! of special note,  
Plump Comus <sup>3</sup> in a col'nel's coat,

<sup>2</sup> The late General Skelton. He had just then purchased a house in Henrietta-street.

<sup>3</sup> The late Colonel Caroline Scott, who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active ; and who, to much skill,

Whom we this day expect from far,  
A jolly first-rate man of war,  
On whom we boldly dare repose,  
To meet our friends or meet our foes.

Or comes a brother in his stead?  
Strong-bodied too, and strong of head;  
Who, in whatever path he goes,  
Still looks right on before his nose,  
And holds it little less than treason  
To balk his stomach or his reason:  
True to his mistress and his meat,  
He eats to love, and loves to eat.

Last comes a virgin—pray admire her!  
Cupid himself attends to 'squire her:  
A welcome guest! we much had miss'd her,  
For 'tis our Kitty, or his sister.  
But, Cupid, let no knave or fool  
Snap up this lamb to shear her wool;  
No Teague of that unblushing band  
Just landed, or about to land;  
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse  
To steal an heiress, or a purse:  
No scraping, saving, saucy cit,  
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;  
No half-form'd insect of a peer,  
With neither land nor conscience clear,  
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,  
Just spell the motto on his landau:  
From all, from each of these, defend her,  
But thou and Hymen both befriend her

spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public, in the service of the East India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,  
And much good sense, and some estate.

But now, suppose the' assembly met,  
And round the table cordial set,  
While in fair order, to their wish,  
Plain Neatness sends up every dish,  
And Pleasure at the sideboard stands,  
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,  
To pour libations, in due measure,  
As Reason wills when join'd with Pleasurc.—  
Let these white moments all be gay,  
Without one cloud of dim allay ;  
In every face let joy be seen,  
As Truth sincere, as Hope serene ;  
Let Friendship, Love, and Wit, combine  
To flavour both the meat and wine  
With that rich relish to each sense,  
Which they, and they alone, dispense ;  
Let Music, too, their mirth prolong,  
With warbled air and festive song ;  
Then when at eve the Star of Love  
Glow's with soft radiance from above,  
And each companionable guest  
Withdraws replenish'd, not oppress'd,  
Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting say—  
' My life be such a Wedding-day !'

**TRUTH IN RHYME.**  
**ADDRESSED TO**  
**A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.**

---

**ADVERTISEMENT.**

The following extract from his Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, which by every man in his dominions would be thought the noblest introduction to a poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this; however unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them; it will at the same time be the fullest and best explanation of the Author's meaning on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these:

*March 3, 1761.*

' \* \* \* In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor, King William III. for settling the succession to the crown in my family, the commissions of the judges have been made during their good behaviour; but notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the crown or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened.

' I look upon the independency and uprightness of the judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration of justice, as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects, and as most conducive to the honour of the crown: and I come now to recommend this interesting object to the consideration of Parliament, in order that such farther provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, for securing the judges in the enjoyment of their offices during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.'

---

**TO THE AUTHOR**  
**OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.**

It has no faults, or I no faults can spy:  
It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

*Inprimatur, meo periculo.*

**CHESTERFIELD.**

---

**ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,**  
**Whom all the gods revere and love,**

Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,  
On earth to dwell, and govern there,  
Till finding earth by Heav'n unaw'd,  
Till sick of violence and fraud,  
Abandoning the guilty crew,  
Back to her native sky she flew ;  
There, station'd in the Virgin-sign,  
She long has ceas'd on earth to shine ;  
Or if at times she deigns a smile,  
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.

For there—her eye with wonder fix'd,  
That wonder too with pleasure nix'd,  
She now beheld, in blooming youth,  
The patron of all worth and truth ;  
Not where the Virtues most resort,  
On peaceful plains, but in a Court !  
Not in a Cottage, all-unknown ;  
She found him seated on a Throne !  
What fables paint, what poets sing,—  
She found, in fact—a patriot-King !

But as a sight so nobly new  
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view ;  
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,  
Ascends the palace of St. James,  
Swift through surrounding shades of night  
The goddess shot her beamy flight :  
She stopp'd ; and the revealing ray  
Blaz'd round her favourite where he lay  
In sweet repose ; o'er all his face  
Repose shed softer bloom and grace ;  
But fearful lest her sun-bright glare  
Too soon might wake him into care,  
(For splendid toils and weary state  
Are every monarch's envied fate)

The stream of circling rays to shroud,  
She drew an interposing cloud.

In all the silence of surprise,  
She gaz'd him o'er; she saw arise  
(For gods can read the human breast)  
Her own idea there imprest;  
And that his plan to bless mankind,  
The plan now brightening in his mind,  
May story's whitest page adorn,  
May shine through nations yet unborn,  
She calls Urania to her aid:—

At once the fair ethereal maid,  
Daughter of Memory and Jove,  
Descending, quits her laurell'd grove;  
Loose to the gale her azure robe,  
Borne in her left a starry globe,  
Where each superior son of fame  
Will find inscrib'd his deathless name;  
Her right sustains the' immortal lyre,  
To praise true merit, or inspire.

' Behold—(Astrea thus began)—  
The friend of virtue and of man;  
Calm reason see, in early youth!  
See in a prince—the soul of truth!  
With love of justice, tender sense,  
For suffering worth and innocence,  
Who means to build his happy reign  
On this best maxim, wise and plain—  
Though plain, how seldom understood,  
That to be great he must be good!  
His breast is open to your eye;  
Approach, Urania! mark, and try:  
This bosom needs no thought to hide;  
This virtue dares our search abide.



‘ The sacred fountains to secure  
Of Justice, undisturb’d and pure  
From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,  
To ruffle or to stain their course ;  
That these may flow serene and free,  
The Law must independent be ;  
Her ministers, as in my sight,  
And mine alone, dispensing right ;  
Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,  
As honour just, as truth sincere,  
With temper firm, with spirit sage,  
The Mansfields of each future age.

‘ And this prime blessing is to spring  
From youth in purple ! from a king !  
Who, true to his imperial trust,  
His greatness founds in being just ;  
Prepares, like yon ascending sun,  
His glorious race with joy to run,  
And where his gracious eye appears,  
To bless the world he lights and cheers !

‘ Such worth with equal voice to sing,  
Urania ! strike thy boldest string ;  
And Truth, whose voice alone is praise,  
That here inspires, shall guide the lays.  
Begin ! awake his gentle ear  
With sounds that monarchs rarely hear :  
He merits, let him know our love,  
And you record what I approve.’

She ended ; and the Heaven-born maid  
With soft surprise his form survey’d :  
She saw what chastity of thought  
Within his stainless bosom wrought,  
Then fix’d on earth her sober eye,  
And, pausing, offer’d this reply :

‘ Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art,  
Such truths should to the world impart :  
My task is but in simple verse  
These promis’d wonders to rehearse ;  
And when on these our verse we raise,  
The plainest is the noblest praise !

‘ Yet more :—a virtuous doubt remains ;  
Would such a prince permit my strains ?  
Deserving, but still shunning fame,  
The homage due he might disclaim.  
A prince who rules to save mankind,  
His praise would in their virtue find ;  
Would deem their strict regard to laws ;  
Their faith and worth, his best applause :  
Then, Britons ! your just tribute bring  
In deeds, to emulate your king ;  
In virtues, to redeem your age  
From venal views and party rage.  
On his example safely rest ;  
He calls, he courts you to be blest ;  
As friends, as brethren, to unite  
In one firm league of just and right.

‘ My part is last ; if Britain yet  
A lover boasts of truth and wit,  
To him these grateful lays to send,  
The monarch’s and the Muse’s friend,  
And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,  
My voice may give to latest times.’

She said ; and after thinking o’er  
The men in place near half a score,  
To strike at once all scandal mute,  
The goddess found and fix’d on Bute.

*THE REWARD ;*

OR,

## APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

*Written in 1757.*

APOLLO, from the southern sky,  
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye :  
Just such a glance our courtiers throw  
At suitors whom they shunn to know ;  
Or have you mark'd the' averted mien,  
The chest erect, the freezing look  
Of Bumbo, when a bard is seen  
Charg'd with his Dedication-book ?

But gods are never in the wrong :  
What then displeas'd the power of Song ?

The case was this :—Where noble arts  
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,  
He now can find, for men of parts,  
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows ;  
Since drums, and dice, and dissipation,  
Have chas'd all taste from all the nation :  
For is there now one table spread  
Where Sense and Science may be fed ?  
Where, with a smile on every face,  
Invited Merit takes his place ?  
These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,  
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)  
And left him on the point to shroud  
His head in one eternal cloud ;  
When, lo ! his all-discerning eye  
Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy,

Just crept abroad, as is his way,  
To bask him in the noon-tide ray.

This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud  
To every interposing cloud,  
And bade their gather'd mists ascend,  
That he might warm his good old friend ;  
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,  
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song :

‘ With talents, such as God has given  
To common mortals, six in seven,  
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,  
And govern whom they should obey ;  
With no more frailties than are found  
In thousand others, count them round ;  
With much good will, instead of parts,  
Express'd for artists and for arts ;  
Who smiles if you have smartly spoke,  
Or nods applause to his own joke ;  
This bearded child, this grey-hair'd boy,  
Still plays with life as with a toy ;  
Still keeps amusement full in view :—  
Wise ? Now and then—but oft'ner new ;  
His coach, this hour, at Watson's door,  
The next—in waiting on a whore.

‘ Whene'er the welcome tidings ran  
Of monster strange, or stranger man,  
A Selkirk from his desert isle,  
Or alligator from the Nile ;  
He saw the monster in its shrine,  
And had the man next day to dine :  
Or was it an Hermaphrodite ?  
You found him in a two-fold hurry,  
Neglecting for this he-she sight  
The single charms of Fanny Murray.

Gathering from suburb and from city  
Who were, who would be, wise or witty ;  
The full-wigg'd sons of pills and potions,  
The bags of maggot and new notions ;  
The sage, of microscopic eye,  
Who reads him lectures on a fly ;  
Grave antiquaries with their flams,  
And poets squirting epigrams ;  
With some few lords—of those that think,  
And dip, at times, their pen in ink ;  
Nay, ladies too, of diverse fame,  
Who are and are not of the game :  
For he has look'd the world around,  
And pleasure in each quarter found.  
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,  
He sinks from life by soft decay,  
And sees at hand, without affright,  
The' inevitable hour of night.'

But here some pillar of the state,  
Whose life is one long dull debate ;  
Some pedant of the sable gown,  
Who spares no failings but his own,  
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow ;—  
Is this a subject for Apollo ?  
What ! can the god of Wit and Verse  
Such trifles in our ears rehearse ?

' Know, Puppies ! this man's easy life,  
Serene from cares, unvex'd with strife,  
Was oft employ'd in doing good,  
A science you ne'er understood ;  
And charity, ye sons of Pride !  
A multitude of faults will hide.  
I at his board more sense have found  
Than at a hundred dinners round :

Taste, learning, mirth, my western eye  
Could often there collected spy;  
And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,  
Revolving what was sung or said.

‘ And he, who entertain’d them all  
With much good liquor, strong and small,  
With food in plenty, and a welcome,  
Which would become my Lord of Melcombe <sup>1</sup>.  
Whose soups and sauces duly season’d,  
Whose wit well-tim’d, and sense well reason’d,  
Give Burgundy a brighter stain,  
And add new flavour to Champaign—  
Shall this man to the grave descend  
Unown’d, unhonour’d, as my friend?—  
No; by my deity I swear,  
Nor shall the vow be lost in air;  
While you, and millions such as you,  
Are sunk for ever from my view,  
And lost in kindred darkness lie,  
This good old man shall never die:  
No matter where I place his name,  
His love of learning shall be fame.’

<sup>1</sup> This poem was certainly written in 1757, but the reader has only to remember that Apollo is the god of Prophecy as well as of Poetry. *Mallet*.

## TYBURN.

TO THE MARINE SOCIETY.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The design of the Marine Society is in itself so laudable, and has been pursued so successfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment: but, to take off from the flatness of a direct compliment, I have, through the whole poem, loaded their Institution with such reproaches as will show, I hope, in the most striking manner, its real utility.

By authentic accounts it appears that, from the first rise of the Society to the present year, 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out, for the sea-service, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys, in all 9963 persons; whom they have thus not only saved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them useful members of the community; at a time too when their country stood most in need of their assistance.

It has been (all examples show it)  
 The privilege of every poet,  
 From ancient down through modern time,  
 To bid dead matter live in Rhyme;  
 With wit enliven senseless rocks,  
 Draw repartee from wooden blocks;  
 Make buzzards senators of note,  
 And rooks harangue that geese may vote.

These moral fictions, first design'd  
 To mend and mortify mankind,  
 Old Æsop, as our children know,  
 Taught twice ten hundred years ago.  
 His Fly upon the chariot-wheel  
 Could all a statesman's merit feel,

And, to its own importance just,  
Exclaim, with Bufo, 'What a dust!'  
His Horse-dung, when the flood ran high,  
In Colon's air and accent cry,  
While tumbling down the turbid stream,  
'Lord love us, how we apples swim!'

But farther instances to cite  
Would tire the hearer's patience quite.  
No; what their numbers and their worth,  
How these admire while those hold forth,  
From Hyde-Park on to Clerkenwell,  
Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell,  
Where England, through the world renown'd,  
In all its wisdom may be found;  
While I, for ornament and use,  
An orator of wood produce.

Why should the gentle reader stare?  
Are wooden orators so rare?—  
Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,  
That hears them in the pleader bawl,  
That hears them in the patriot thunder,  
Can tell if such things are a wonder:  
So can St. Dunstan's in the West,  
When good Romaine harangues his best,  
And tells his staring congregation  
That sober sense is sure damnation;  
That Newton's guilt was worse than treason  
For using, what God gave him, reason.

'A pox of all this prefacing!'  
(Smart Balbus cries) 'come, name the thing;  
That such there are we all agree:  
What is this wood?' Why—Tyburn-tree!

Hear then this reverend oak harangue,  
Who makes men do so, ere they hang.



*Patibulum loquitur.*

‘ Each thing whatever, when aggriev’d,  
Of right complains to be reliev’d.  
When rogues so rais’d the price of wheat  
That few folks could afford to eat,  
(Just as when doctors’ fees run high  
Few patients can afford to die)  
The poor durst into murmurs break,  
For losers must have leave to speak ;  
Then from reproaching fell to mauling  
Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.  
As these again, their knaves and setters,  
Durst vent complaints against their betters,  
Whose only crime was in defeating  
Their schemes of growing rich by cheating ;  
So shall not I my wrongs relate,  
An injur’d minister of state?  
The finisher of care and pain  
May sure with better grace complain,  
For reasons no less strong and true,  
Marine Society! of you ;  
Of you, as every carman knows,  
My latest and most fatal foes.

‘ My property you basely steal,  
Which ev’n a British Oak can feel ;  
Feel and resent:—what wonder then  
It should be felt by British men,  
When France, insulting, durst invade  
Their clearest property of trade?  
For which both nations at the bar  
Of that supreme tribunal—War,  
To show their reasons have agreed,  
And lawyers by ten thousands fee’d,

Who now for legal quirks and puns  
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns,  
And each his client's cause maintains  
By knocking out the' opponent's brains ;  
While Europe all—but we adjourn  
This wise digression, and return.

‘ Your rules and statutes have undone me ;  
My surest cards begin to shun me :  
My native subjects dare rebel,  
Those who were born for me and hell ;  
And but for you, the scoundrel line  
Had every mother's son died mine :  
A race unnumber'd as unknown,  
Whom town or suburb calls her own :  
Of vagrant love the various spawn,  
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn ;  
Sons of Fleet-Ditch, of bulks, of benches,  
Where peer and porter meet their wenches ;  
For neither health nor shame can wean us  
From mixing with the midnight Venus.

‘ Nor let my cits be here forgot ;  
They know to sin as well as sot.  
When Night demure walks forth, array'd  
In her thin negligée of shade,  
Late-risen from their long regale  
Of beef and beer, and-bawdy-tale,  
Abroad the Common-council sally,  
To poach for game in lane or alley :  
This gets a son, whose first essay  
Will filch his father's till away ;  
A daughter that, who may retire,  
Some few years hence, with her own sire ;  
And while his hand is on her locket  
The filial virtue picks his pocket.

'Change-Alley, too, is grown so nice,  
A broker dares refine on vice ;  
With lord-like scorn of marriage-vows,  
In her own arms he cuckolds spouse ;  
For young and fresh while he would wish her, }  
His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher ;  
Or after nobler quarry running,  
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.

' Now these, of each degree and sort,  
At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,  
Bred up for me, to swear and lie,  
To laugh at hell, and Heaven defy ;  
These, Tyburn's regimented train,  
Who risk their necks to spread my reign,  
From age to age, by right divine,  
Hereditary rogues, were mine ,  
And each, by discipline severe,  
Improv'd beyond all shame and fear,  
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,  
My constant friend, the good Old Bailey  
To me made over, late or soon,  
I think, at latest, once a moon ;  
But by your interloping care  
Not one in ten shall be my share.

' Ere 'tis too late, your error see,  
You foes to Britain and to me !  
To me, agreed—but to the nation?—  
I prove it thus by demonstration.

' First, that there is much good in ill  
My great apostle Mandeville  
Has made most clear. Read, if you please,  
His moral Fable of " The Bees."  
Our reverend clergy next will own—  
Were all men good, their trade were gone ;

That were it not for useful vice  
Their learned pains would bear no price ;  
Nay, we should quickly bid defiance  
To their demonstrated alliance.

‘ Next, kingdoms are compos’d, we know,  
Of individuals, Jack and Joe :  
Now these, our sovereign-lords—the rabble,  
For ever prone to growl and squabble,  
The monstrous many-headed beast,  
Whom we must not offend, but feast,  
Like Cerberus, should have their sup ;  
And what is that—but trussing up ?  
How happy were their hearts, and gay,  
At each return of hanging-day !  
To see Page <sup>1</sup> swinging they admire,  
Beyond ev’n Madox <sup>1</sup> on his wire !  
No baiting of a bull or bear  
To Perry <sup>1</sup> dangling in the air !  
And then the being drunk a week,  
For joy some Sheppard <sup>1</sup> would not squeak !  
But now that those good times are o’er,  
How will they mutiny and roar !  
Your scheme absurd of sober rules  
Will sink the race of men to mules ;  
For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,  
For ever for the public toiling :  
Hard masters ! who, just when they need ‘em,  
With a few thistles deign to feed ‘em.  
‘ Yet more—for it is seldom known  
That fault or folly stands alone—

<sup>1</sup> As these are all persons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unnecessary. *Mallet.*

You next debauch their infant-mind  
With fumes of honourable wind,  
Which must beget, in heads untried,  
That worst of human vices, pride.  
All who my humble paths forsake  
Will reckon each to be a Blake!  
There on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,  
Already struts the future Bembow!  
By you bred up to take delight in  
No earthly thing, but oaths and fighting.  
These sturdy sons of blood and blows,  
By pulling Monsieur by the nose,  
By making kicks and cuffs the fashion,  
Will put all Europe in a passion.  
The grand alliance, now quadruple,  
Will pay us home, *jusqu'au centuple*;  
So the French king was heard to cry—  
And can a king of Frenchmen lie?

‘ These and more mischiefs I foresee  
From fondling brats of base degree.  
As mushrooms that on dunghills rise  
The kindred-weeds beneath despise,  
So these their fellows will contemn,  
Who in revenge will rage at them;  
For through each rank what more offends  
Than to behold the rise of friends?  
Still, when our equals grow too great,  
We may applaud, but we must hate;  
Then will it be endur'd, when John  
Has put my hempen ribbon on,  
To see his ancient mess-mate Cloud,  
By you made turbulent and proud,  
And early taught my tree to bilk,  
Pass in another—all of silk?

‘ Yet, one more mournful case to put ;  
A hundred mouths at once you shut !  
Half Grub-Street, silenc’d in an hour,  
Must curse your interposing pow’r.  
If my lost sons no longer steal,  
What son of her’s can earn a meal ?  
You ruin many a gentle bard,  
Who liv’d by heroes—that die hard !  
Their brother-hawkers too, that sung  
How great from world to world they swung,  
And by sad sonnets, quaver’d loud,  
Drew tears and halfpence from the crowd !

‘ Blind Fielding<sup>2</sup> too—a mischief on him !  
I wish my sons would meet and stone him !  
Sends his black squadrons up and down,  
Who drive my best boys back to Town.  
They find that travelling now abroad,  
To ease rich rascals on the road,  
Is grown a calling much unsafe,  
That there are surer ways by half,  
To which they have their equal claim  
Of earning daily food and fame ;  
So down at home they sit and think—  
How best to rob with pen and ink.

‘ Hence red-hot letters and essays  
By the John Lilburn of these days,  
Who guards his want of shame and sense  
With shield of sevenfold impudence :  
Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,  
With much abuse and little wit ;  
Hence libels against Hardwicke penn’d,  
That only hurt when they commend ;  
Hence oft ascrib’d to Fox, at least  
All that defames his namesake beast ;

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Fielding, the Bow-street magistrate.

Hence Cloacina hourly views  
Unnumber'd labours of the Muse,  
That sink where myriads went before,  
And sleep within the chaos hoar ;  
While her brown daughters, under ground,  
Are fed with politics profound :  
Each eager hand a fragment snaps,  
More excrement than what it wraps.

‘ These, singly, contributions raise,  
Of casual pudding and of praise :  
Others again, who form a gang,  
Yet take due measures not to hang,  
In Magazines their forces join,  
By legal methods to purloin ;  
Whose weekly or whose monthly feat is  
First to decry, then steal your treatise :  
So rogues in France perform their job,  
Assassinating ere they rob.

‘ But, this long narrative to close,  
They who would grievances expose,  
In all good policy no less  
Should show the methods to redress.  
If commerce, sinking in one scale,  
By fraud or hazard comes to fail,  
The task is next, all statesmen know it,  
To find another where to throw it,  
That, rising there in due degree,  
The public may no loser be.  
Thus having heard how you invade,  
And in one way destroy my trade,  
That we at last may part good friends,  
Hear how you still may make amends.

‘ O search this sinful Town with care ;  
What numbers, duly mine, are there !

The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,  
Jews, Christians, rogues alike and robbers !  
Who riot on the poor man's toils,  
And fatten by a nation's spoils !  
The crowd of little knaves in place,  
Our age's envy and disgrace.  
Secret and snug, by daily stealth  
The busy vermin pick up wealth ;  
Then, without birth, controul the great,  
Then, without talents, rule the state !

‘ Some ladies too—for some there are  
With shame and decency at war,—  
Who on a ground of pale threescore  
Still spread the rose of twenty-four,  
And bid a nut-brown bosom glow  
With purer white than lilies know ;  
Who into vice intrepid rush,  
Put modest whoring to the blush,  
And with more front engage a trooper  
Than Jenny Jones or Lucy Cooper.

‘ Send me each mischief-making nibbler,  
’Tis equal senator or scribbler,  
Who on the self-same spot of ground,  
The self-same hearers staring round,  
Abjure and join with, praise and blame,  
Both men and measures still the same ;  
Or serve our foes with all their might,  
By proving Britons dare not fight :  
Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile elves,  
They paint the nation from themselves ;  
Less aiming to be wise than witty,  
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.

‘ Send me each string—save green and blue—  
These, Brother Towerhill, wait for you.



But, Lollius, be not in the spleen;  
'Tis only Arthur's Knights I mean—  
Not those of old renown'd in fable,  
Nor of the Round, but gaming, table,  
Who every night, the waiters say,  
Break every law they make by day;  
Plunge deep our youth in all the vice  
Attendant upon drink and dice,  
And, mixing in nocturnal battles,  
Devour each others' goods and chattles;  
While from the mouth of magic-box,  
With curses dire and dreadful knocks,  
They fling whole tenements away,  
Fling time, health, fame,—yet call it *Play!*  
Till, by advice of special friends,  
The titled dupe a sharper ends;  
Or if some drop of noble blood  
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,  
The wretch, unpitied and alone,  
Leaps headlong to the world unknown !'

---

### *THE DISCOVERY :*

UPON READING SOME VERSES WRITTEN BY A YOUNG  
LADY AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER 1760.

APOLLO lately sent to know  
If he had any sons below;  
For, by the trash he long had seen  
In male and female Magazine,  
A hundred quires not worth a groat,  
The race must be extinct he thought.  
His messenger to court repairs,  
Walks softly with the crowd up-stairs ;

But when he had his errand told,  
The courtiers sneer'd both young and old :  
Augustus knit his royal brow,  
And bade him let Apollo know it,  
That, from his infancy till now,  
He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.

His next adventure was the Park,  
When it grew fashionably dark :  
There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,  
Talk'd much of commerce, whist, and stakes ;  
Who tips the wink, who drops the card,—  
But not one word of verse or bard.

The stage, Apollo's old domain,  
Where his true sons were wont to reign,  
His courier now past frowning by ;—  
Ye modern Durfeys tell us why.

Slow to the City last he went ;  
There all was prose of *cent per cent*.  
There *alley-omnium*, *scrip*, and *bonus*,  
(Latin for which a Muse would stone us,  
Yet honest Gideon's classic style)  
Made our poor nuncio stare and smile.

And now the clock had struck eleven,  
The messenger must back to heaven ;  
But just as he his wings had tied,  
Look'd up Queen-square, the north-east side,  
A blooming creature there he found,  
With pen and ink, and books around,  
Alone, and writing by a taper ;—  
He read unseen, then stole her paper.  
It much amus'd him on his way,  
And reaching heaven by break of day,  
He show'd Apollo what he stole ;—  
The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole ;

Then calling for his pocket-book,  
 Some right celestial vellum took,  
 And what he with a sun-beam there  
 Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair:  
 ‘ If I no men my sons must call,  
 ‘ Here’s one fair daughter worth them all :  
 ‘ Mark then the sacred words that follow,  
 ‘ Sophia’s mine ’—so sign’d APOLLO.

---

*IMPROMPTU,*

ON A LADY WHO HAD PASSED SOME TIME IN PLAY-  
 ING WITH A VERY YOUNG CHILD.

‘ WHY on this least of little Misses  
 Did Celia waste so many kisses ?’  
 Quoth Love, who stood behind, and smil’d,  
 ‘ She kiss’d the father in the child.’

---

*ON I. H. ESQ.*

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford  
 A witty neighbour his good word.  
 Though scandal was his joy, he would not swear ;  
 An oath had made the ladies stare :  
 At them he duly dress’d, but without passion ;  
 His only mistress was the fashion.  
 His verse with fancy glitter’d, cold and faint ;  
 His prose with sense correctly quaint.  
 Trifles he lov’d ; he tasted arts :  
 At once a fribble and a man of parts.

*INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.*

WITH no one talent that deserves applause ;  
With no one awkwardness that laughter draws ;  
Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say ;  
A clock at morn wound up to run a day ;  
His larum goes in one smooth simple strain ;  
He stops, and then we wind him up again :  
Still hovering round the fair at fifty-four,  
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er :  
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,  
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting ;  
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,  
The teasing ghost of the departed man.

---

*EPIGRAM,*

ON A CERTAIN LORD'S PASSION FOR A SINGER.

NERINA's angel voice delights ;  
Nerina's devil-face affrights ;  
How whimsical her Strephon's fate,  
Condemn'd at once to like and hate !  
But be she cruel, be she kind,  
Love ! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

---

*A SIMILE IN PRIOR,*

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON.

' DEAR Thomas ! didst thou never pop  
Thy head into a tinman's shop ?  
There, Thomas ! didst thou never see—  
'Tis but by way of Simile—

A squirrel spend its little rage  
In jumping round a rolling cage?  
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,  
The foolish creature thinks it climbs;  
But here or there, turn wood or wire,  
It never gets two inches higher.'

So fares it with this little peer  
So busy and so bustling here;  
For ever flirting up and down,  
And frisking round his cage, the Town.

---

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*EPIGRAM,*

ON SEEING TWO PERSONS PASS BY IN VERY DIFFERENT EQUIPAGES.

IN modern as in ancient days,  
See what the Muses have to brag on;  
The player—in his own post-chaise,  
The poet—in a carrier's waggon!

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*EPIGRAM,*

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS, 1760.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,  
Success still follow'd where he shone,  
And are those triumphs, with the dead,  
All from his house for ever fled?  
Not so; by softer surer arms,  
They yet survive in beauty's charms;  
For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,  
Ev'n now he triumphs in his race.

## VERSES

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO, A BEGGAR.

O MERCY! Heaven's first attribute,  
Whose care embraces man and brute,  
Behold me, where I shivering stand ;  
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand  
To Want and Age, Disease and Pain,  
That all in one sad object reign.  
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,  
Existence is to me a curse :—  
Yet how to close this weary eye? .  
By my own hand I dare not die ;  
And Death, the friend of human woes,  
Who brings the last and sound repose,  
Death does at dreadful distance keep,  
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep.

---

*A WINTER'S DAY.*

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

Now, gloomy Soul! look out—now comes thy turn ;  
With thee behold all ravag'd Nature mourn.  
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night, [light:  
That spreads slow-shadowing o'er the vanquish'd  
Look out with joy; the ruler of the day  
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray ;  
Already exil'd to the utmost sky,  
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.  
Lo ! from the limits of the wintry pole  
Mountainous clouds in rude confusion roll;

In dismal pomp, now hovering on their way,  
To a sick twilight they reduce the day.  
And hark! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,  
And roar their haughty triumph through the skies;  
While the driv'n clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of  
And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain. [rain,  
Now see sad earth—like thine her alter'd state,  
Like thee she mourns her sad reverse of fate!  
Her smile, her wanton looks—where are they now?  
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!

No more the' ungrateful verdure of the plain,  
No more the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain :  
These scenes of bliss no more upbraid my fate,  
Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate;  
The leaf-clad forest and the tufted grove,  
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,  
Stripp'd of their honours, naked now appear;  
This is—my Soul! the winter of their year:  
The little noisy songsters of the wing,  
All shivering on the bough, forget to sing.  
Hail, reverend Silence! with thy awful brow,  
Be Music's voice for ever mute—as now;  
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose  
Disturb—no pleasure disconcert my woes.

In this moss-cover'd cavern, hopeless laid,  
On the cold cliff I'll lean my aching head,  
And, pleas'd with winter's waste, unpitying see  
All nature in an agony with me.  
Rough rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd tow'rs,  
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy  
moors,  
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—  
(Now I can smile)—in wild disorder rise;

And now, the various dreadfulnes combin'd,  
Black Melancholy comes to doze my mind.

See! Night's wish'd shades rise spreading through  
the air,

And the lone hollow gloom for me prepare!

Hail, solitary ruler of the grave!

Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave

Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,

And spread a welcome horror wide around.—

But hark!—a sudden howl invades my ear!

The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near;

Shadows from each dark cavern now combine,

And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.

Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless wing;

Fix here—nor hasten to restore the Spring:

Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let Winter be—

Let never wanton Season laugh at me.

---

### ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER<sup>1</sup>, 1761.

O! Crown'd with honour, bless'd with length of days,

'Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise;

Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,

And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—

Though still the fairest from Heaven's bounty flow,

For 'good and great' no monarch can bestow;

Yet thus of health, of fame, of friends, possess'd,

No fortune, Hardwicke! is sincerely bless'd:

<sup>1</sup> Phillip, first Earl of Hardwicke.



All human-kind are sons of sorrow born;  
The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.

For say, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,  
Can Fortitude, without a sigh resign?

Ah! no: when Love, when Reason, hand in hand  
O'er the cold urn consenting mourners stand,  
The firmest heart dissolves to soften here,  
And Piety applauds the falling tear.

Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,  
Adorn the living while they grace the dead;  
From tender thought their source unblam'd they  
By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law. [draw,

When his lov'd child the Roman could not save,  
Immortal Tully, from an early grave<sup>2</sup>,  
No common forms his home-felt passion kept,  
The sage, the patriot, in the parent wept:  
And, O! by grief allied, as join'd in fame,  
The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.  
She whom the Muses, whom the Loves, deplore,  
Ev'n she thy pride and pleasure is no more;  
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,  
Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.

O season mark'd by mourning and despair!  
Thy blasts how fatal to the young and fair!  
For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,  
Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease;  
Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,  
That scatter'd fever, agony, and death.  
What funerals have thy cruel ravage spread!  
What eyes have flow'd! what noble bosoms bled!

<sup>2</sup> Tullia died about the age of two-and-thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety, and for having added to the usual graces of her sex the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters. *Mallet*.

Here let Reflection fix her sober view ;  
O think who suffer and who sigh with you !  
See rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,  
Bright Granby, from a youthful husband's arms !  
In climes far distant see that husband mourn,  
His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn !  
Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,  
In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall !  
See her lov'd lord with speechless anguish bend !  
And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,  
Thy Pelham, turn on Heaven his streaming eye ;  
Again in her he sees a brother die !

And he who, long unshaken and serene,  
Had death in each dire form of terror seen,  
Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans tost,  
By love subdued, now weeps a consort lost ;  
Now sunk to fondness all the man appears,  
His front dejected, and his soul in tears.

Yet more ; nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,  
Who fondly tries to soothe a father's pain—  
Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball,  
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall !  
What spring had promis'd and what autumn yields,  
The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields !  
See youth and age, the' ignoble and the great,  
Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate !  
Hear Europe groan ! hear all her nations mourn !  
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too, and reason will confirm the thought ;  
Thy cares for her are to their period brought,  
Yet, she, fair pattern to a failing age !  
With wit chastis'd, with sprightly temper sage ;  
Whom each endearing name could recommend,  
Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend ;

Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,  
The prize of virtue has for ever gain'd !  
From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore  
Where sin, and pain, and error, are no more ;  
She now no change, nor you no fear, can feel ;  
Death to her fame has fix'd the' eternal seal.

---

*A FUNERAL HYMN.*

YE midnight shades ! o'er Nature spread,  
Dumb silence of the dreary hour ;  
In honour of the' approaching dead  
Around your awful terrors pour.  
Yes, pour around  
On this pale ground,  
Through all this deep surrounding gloom, .  
The sober thought,  
The tear untaught,  
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo ! as the surpliced train draw near  
To this last mansion of mankind,  
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,  
In holy musings wrap the mind !  
And while their beam,  
With trembling stream,  
Attending tapers faintly dart,  
Each mouldering bone,  
Each sculptur'd stone,  
Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

Now let the sacred organ blow  
With solemn pause and sounding slow ;

Now let the voice due measure keep,  
In strains that sigh and words that weep,  
Till all the vocal current blended roll,  
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul :

To lift it in the Maker's praise!  
Who first inform'd our frame with breath,  
And, after some few stormy days,  
Now gracious gives us o'er to death.  
No king of fears  
In him appears,  
Who shuts the scene of human woes;  
Beneath his shade  
Securely laid,  
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle 'dust with dust,'  
To One supremely good and wise  
Raise hallelujahs!—God is just,  
And man most happy—when he dies!  
His winter past,  
Fair Spring at last  
Receives him on her flowery shore,  
Where pleasure's rose  
Immortal blows,  
And sin and sorrow are no more.

---

### EPITAPH

ON MR. AIKMAN AND HIS ONLY SON,

*Who were both interred in the same Grave.*

DEAR to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,  
Here sleep in peace the father and the son ;

By virtue, as by nature, close allied,  
The painter's genius, but without the pride;  
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,  
Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth divine.  
The son, fair rising, knew too short a date;  
But, oh! how more severe the parent's fate!  
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,  
Felt all a father's anguish,—wept, and died!

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*EPITAPH*

ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave though no proud structures  
    grace,  
Yet truth and Goodness sanctify the place;  
Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,  
Lamented Maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.  
O 'scap'd from life! O safe on that calm shore  
Where sin, and pain, and passion, are no more!  
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,  
Regard and Pity wait sincere on thee:  
Lo! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear,  
And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

# EPISTLES.

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TO MR. POPE.

ON VERBAL CRITICISM.

---

## ADVERTISEMENT.

As the design of the following Poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the Author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakspeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that Scholiast has already obliged the public; and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But whatever he may think of the critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakspeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this Poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances with which the Town is almost daily pestered.

---

AMONG the numerous fools, by Fate design'd  
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,  
The reading Coxcomb is of special note,  
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote;  
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,  
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.

O fam'd for judging as for writing well,  
That rarest science, where so few excel!  
Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,  
For wit supreme is but thy second praise:  
'Tis thine, O Pope! who choose the better part,  
To tell how false, how vain, the scholiast's art,  
Which nor to taste nor genius has pretence,  
And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,  
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;  
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,  
With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,  
What every dunce from every dunghill drew  
Of literary offals, old or new,  
Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,  
Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write;  
Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece  
With venerable toys from Rome and Greece:  
How oft in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair?  
If Aristotle's cap were round or square?  
If in the cave where Dido first was sped,  
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head?

Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,  
That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain:  
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrte,  
To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white;  
Hence, much hard study without sense or breeding,  
And all the grave impertinence of reading.  
If Shakspeare says—the noon-day sun is bright,  
His scholiast will remark, it then was light;  
Turn Caxton, Wynkin, each old Goth and Hun,  
To rectify the reading of a pun.  
Thus nicely trifling, accurately dull,  
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool!

But is there then no honour due to age?  
 No reverence to great Shakspeare's noble page?  
 And he who half a life has read him o'er,  
 His mangled points and commas to restore,  
 Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays,  
 Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Wou'dbe pays?

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,  
 Who first created and yet rules the stage;  
 Bold to design, all-powerful to express,  
 Shakspeare each passion drew, in every dress:  
 Great above rule, and imitating none,  
 Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own;  
 Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay;  
 As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay,  
 Now, eagle-wing'd his Heav'nward flight he takes,  
 The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes;  
 Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps,  
 Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.

Such was the Poet; next the scholiast view;  
 Faint though the colouring, yet the features true.

Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,  
 Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,  
 He with low industry goes gleaning on  
 From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none;  
 His brother book-worm, so, in shelf or stall,  
 Will feed alike on Wool'ston and on Paul.  
 By living clients hopeless now of bread,  
 He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead:  
 See him on Shakspeare peep, intent to steal  
 Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.  
 Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,  
 Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound:  
 Where'er the king of fish moves on before,  
 This humble friend attends from shore to shore;



With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,  
He picks up what his patron drops behind,  
With those choice cates his palate to regale,  
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale <sup>1</sup>.

Bless'd Genius! who bestows his oil and pains  
On each dull passage each dull book contains;  
The toil more grateful as the task more low:  
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.  
Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,  
There most exact the reading to restore;  
By dint of plodding and by sweat of face,  
A bull to change, a blunder to replace;  
Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,  
And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.  
For this dread Dennis, (and who can forbear,  
Dunce or not dunce, relating it, to stare? <sup>2</sup>)  
His head though jealous, and his years fourscore,  
Ev'n Dennis praises, who ne'er prais'd before <sup>3</sup>!  
For this the Scholiast claims his share of fame,  
And, modest, prints his own with Shakspeare's name:  
How justly, Pope! in this short story view,  
Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.

A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,  
Who sense with sound and truth with rhetoric mixt,

<sup>1</sup> This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you see how he purchases his food; and the same author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. 'You may see him (adds the Dutchman) frequently pursuing a sort of seamew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement, which, being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink.' See A Collection of Voyages to the North.

<sup>2</sup> ——— Quis talia fando

Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c.

VIRG.

<sup>3</sup> See The Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,  
Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd.  
The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,  
And freely man or woman spoke their mind :  
All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,  
And each, remembering something, prais'd the  
At last an honest sexton join'd the throng, [whole.  
(For as the theme was large their talk was long)  
' Neighbours, (he cry'd) my conscience bids me tell,  
Though 'twas the Doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell.'

In this the critic's folly most is shown :  
Is there a genius all unlike his own,  
With learning elegant, with wit well-bred,  
And, as in books, in men and manners read ?  
Himself, with poring erudition blind,  
Unknowing, as unknown, of human-kind,  
That writer he selects, with awkward aim,  
His sense at once to mimic and to maim.  
So Florio is a fop with half a nose ;  
So fat West-Indian planters dress as beaux ;  
Thus gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,  
And Horace, strange to say! tun'd Bentley's voice.

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,  
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease ;  
His genius social as his judgment clear,  
When frolic prudent, smiling when severe ;  
Secure each temper and each taste to hit,  
His was the curious happiness of wit :  
Skill'd in that noblest science how to live,  
Which learning may direct, but Heav'n must give ;  
Grave with Agrippa, with Mecænas gay ;  
Among the fair but just as wise as they ;  
First in the friendships of the great enroll'd,  
The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lytteltons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,  
 And but by books acquainted with mankind,  
 Dares, in the fulness of the pedant's pride,  
 Rhyme, though no genius; though no judge, decide;  
 Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,  
 Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part;  
 Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head,  
 Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead:  
 To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,  
 He makes them write what never poet writ;  
 The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen,  
 And Paradise by him is lost again <sup>4</sup>.  
 Such was his doom impos'd by Heaven's decree,  
 With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see;  
 The low to swell, to level the sublime,  
 To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.  
 Great eldest-born of Dulness! blind and bold,  
 Tyrant! more cruel than Procrustes old,  
 Who to his iron-bed by torture fits  
 Their nobler part, the souls of suffering wits.

Such is the man who heaps his head with bays,  
 And calls on human-kind to sound his praise  
 For points transplac'd with curious want of skill,  
 For flatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill.  
 So wise Caligula, in days of yore,  
 His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,

<sup>4</sup> This sagacious scholiast is pleas'd to create an imaginary editor of Milton, who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatium which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But though he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Swore he had rifled ocean's richest spoils,  
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.

Yet be his merits with his faults confest ;  
Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.  
Long lay the critic's work with trifles stor'd,  
Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.  
Men so well read, who confidently wrote,  
Their readers could have sworn were men of note.  
To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,  
Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.  
For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,  
Writ English notes—and mankind undeceiv'd ;  
In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,  
Ev'n thou, Browne Willis! thou may'st see the jest.

But what can cure our vanity of mind,  
Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind ?  
Let Cooke a brother-scholiast Shakspeare call,  
Tibbald to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball.  
So runs the circle still: in this we see  
The lackeys of the great and learn'd agree.  
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,  
Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate,  
In mimic session their grave footmen meet,  
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet,  
And, rivalling the critic's lofty style,  
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyle.

Yet those whom pride and dulness join to blind,  
To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd,  
Though with big titles each his fellow greets,  
Are but to wits as scavengers to streets ;  
The humble blackguards of a Pope and Gay,  
To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away.

Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art ;  
Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.

Where ancient authors hint at things obscene,  
 The scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.  
 Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame,  
 And adding fuel to redundant flame,  
 He, sober pimp to lechery, explains  
 What Capreæ's isles or V\*'s alcove contains;  
 Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,  
 Was lavish to his father's wife alone;  
 Why those fond female visits duly paid  
 To tuneful Incuba, and what her trade;  
 How modern love has made so many martyrs,  
 And which keeps oft'nest, Lady C\* or Chartres.

But who their various follies can explain?  
 The tale is infinite, the task were vain.  
 'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought,  
 To sum the libels Prynne or Withers wrote;  
 To guess, ere one Epistle<sup>5</sup> saw the light,  
 How many dunces met and clubb'd their mite;  
 To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,  
 Or from the brother-boobies steal a trope.  
 That be the part of persevering Wasse<sup>6</sup>,  
 With pen of lead; or, Arnal! thine of brass;  
 A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne,  
 Who loves to teach what no man cares to learn.

How little knowledge reaps from toils like these!  
 Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.

<sup>5</sup> See a poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads; one contributing a simile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

<sup>6</sup> See the Preface to his edition of Sallust; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own.

Yet, Critics! would your tribe deserve a name,  
And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame,  
First from the head a load of lumber move,  
And from the volume all yourselves approve :  
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense ;  
Or learning clear from learn'd impertinence,  
Where moral meaning or where taste presides,  
And wit enlivens but what reason guides ;  
Great without swelling, without meanness plain,  
Serious not silly, sportive but not vain ;  
On trifles slight, on things of use profound,  
In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

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*TO MIRA.*

FROM THE COUNTRY.

At this late hour the world lies hush'd below,  
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow :  
Now walks mute Midnight darkling o'er the plain, }  
Rest and soft-footed Silence in his train, }  
To bless the cottage, and renew the swain.  
These all-asleep, me all-awake, they find ;  
Nor rest nor silence charm the lover's mind.  
Already I a thousand torments prove,  
The thousand torments of divided love :  
The rolling thought, impatient in the breast,  
The fluttering wish on wing, that will not rest ;  
Desire, whose kindled flames, undying, glow,  
Knowledge of distant bliss and present woe ;  
Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,  
Children of absence, and of loving well.

These pale the cheek and cloud the cheerless eye,  
 Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent sigh;  
 These reach the heart, and bid the health decline;  
 And these, O Mira! these are truly mine. [grove,

She whose sweet smile would gladden all the  
 Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love;  
 She, gentle power! victorious softness!—she,  
 Mira! is far from hence, from love and me;  
 Yet in my every thought her form I find, [bin'd!  
 Her looks, her words—her world of charms com-

Sweetness is her's, and unaffected ease,  
 The native wit, that was not taught to please:  
 Whatever softly animates the face,  
 The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,  
 The' unstudied smile, the blush that nature warms,  
 And all the graceful negligence of charms!  
 Ha! while I gaze a thousand ardours rise,  
 And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes.  
 Oh! melting mildness! miracle of charms!  
 Receive my soul within those folding arms;  
 On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—  
 Oh! softer than the turtle's downy breast!  
 And see! where Love himself is waiting near;  
 Here let me ever dwell—for heaven is here!

---

*TO MR. THOMSON,*

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION OF HIS  
 POEM CALLED 'WINTER,' IN 1726.

CHARM'D and instructed by thy powerful song,  
 I have, unjust, withheld my thanks too long;  
 This debt of gratitude at length receive,  
 Warmly sincere,—'tis all thy friend can give.

Thy worth new lights the poet's darken'd name,  
And shows it blazing in the brightest fame.  
Through all thy various Winter, full are found  
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,  
Clear depth of sense, expression's heightening grace,  
And goodness, eminent in power and place.  
For this the wise, the knowing few, commend  
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend ;  
Ev'n age and truth severe, in reading thee,  
That Heaven inspires the Muse convinc'd agree.

Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,  
Friendless—supported by itself alone :  
For those whose aided will could lift thee high  
In fortune, see not with Discernment's eye.  
Nor place nor power bestows the sight refin'd,  
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.

How couldst thou think of such, and write so well?  
Or hope reward, by daring to excel?  
Unskilful of the age, untaught to gain  
Those favours which the fawning base obtain,  
A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,  
Falsehood and flattery must be first thy own.  
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breast,  
Thou must drive out the' unprofitable guest ;  
Extinguish each bright aim that kindles there,  
And centre in thyself thy every care.

But hence that vileness—pleas'd to charm man-  
Cast each low thought of interest far behind : [kind,  
Neglected into noble scorn—away  
From that worn path where vulgar poets stray ;  
Inglorious herd! profuse of venal lays,  
And by the pride despis'd they stoop to praise ;  
Thou! careless of the statesman's smile or frown,  
Tread that straight way that leads to fair renown.



By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,  
And by reluctant Envy slow admir'd,  
Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind  
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind;  
Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,  
What Heaven approves, and what the Muse has  
taught.

Where thy power fails, unable to go on,  
Ambitious, greatly *will* the good undone :  
So shall thy name through ages brightening shine,  
And distant praise from worth unborn be thine;  
So shalt thou, happy, merit Heaven's regard,  
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

## SONGS.

---

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, 'THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.'

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,  
And while they warble from each spray,  
Love melts the universal lay :  
Let us, Amanda! timely wise,  
Like them improve the hour that flies,  
And in soft raptures waste the day  
Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
And age, life's winter, will appear ;  
At this thy living bloom must fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade :  
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er !  
The feather'd songsters love no more :  
And when they droop, and we decay,  
Adieu the shades of Endermay !

---

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, 'MARY SCOT.'

WHERE Thames, along the daisied meads,  
His wave in lucid mazes leads,  
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,  
Wealth on either shore bestowing,  
There in a safe though small retreat  
Content and Love have fix'd their seat ;  
Love, that counts his duty pleasure,  
Content, that knows and hugs his treasure.

From art, from jealousy, secure,  
As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure,  
Vain opinion nobly scorning,  
Virtue aiding, life adorning;  
Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,  
May those whom truth and reason guide,  
All their tender hours improving,  
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

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AN ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED :

*Sung by a shepherdess who has lost her lover in the wars.*

A YOUTH, adorn'd with every art  
To warm and win the coldest heart,  
In secret mine possess'd :  
The morning bud that fairest blows,  
The vernal oak that straitest grows,  
His face and shape express'd,

In moving sounds he told his tale,  
Soft as the sighings of the gale  
That wakes the flowery year.  
What wonder he could charm with ease,  
Whom happy Nature taught to please,  
Whom Honour made sincere?

At morn he left me—fought—and fell !  
The fatal evening heard his knell,  
And saw the tears I shed ;  
Tears that must ever, ever fall,  
For, ah ! no sighs the past recall ;  
No cries awake the dead !

## PROLOGUES, &c.

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### TO THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

*Spoken by Lord Sandwich.*

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,  
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle,  
A golden reign, uncurs'd with party-rage,  
That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age;  
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,  
And all our talk in politics or play;  
The statesman oft would soothe his toils with wit,  
What Spenser sung, and Nature's Shakspeare writ;  
Or to the laurell'd grove, at times, retire,  
There woo the Muse, and wake the moving lyre.

As fair examples, like ascending Morn,  
The world at once enlighten and adorn,  
From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace  
Shot brightening o'er the land with swift increase;  
Rough nature soften'd into grace and ease,  
Sense grew polite, and Science sought to please.

Reliev'd from yon rude scene of party-din,  
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin,  
And safe embower'd in Woburn's <sup>1</sup> airy groves,  
Let us recal the times our taste approves,  
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muse,  
Through every bosom tender thought infuse,  
Melt angry Faction into moral sense,  
And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.

<sup>1</sup> The Siege of Damascus was acted at Woburn by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May 1743.

And now, while Spring extends her smiling reign,  
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain ;  
While genial Nature breathes from hill and dale  
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale ;  
The various softness stealing through the heart,  
Impressions sweetly social will impart.  
When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe  
The tear of pity will unbidden flow !  
When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,  
Holds up himself a mirror for mankind,  
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,  
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn ;  
And conscious Nature is in all the same,  
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame !

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## TO MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

WHEN this decisive night at length appears,  
The night of every author's hopes and fears,  
What shifts to bribe applause poor poets try !  
In all the forms of wit they court and lie ;  
These meanly beg it as an alms ; and those,  
By boastful bluster, dazzle and impose.

Nor poorly fearful nor securely vain,  
Ours would by honest ways that grace obtain ;  
Would as a free-born wit, be fairly tried,  
And then—let candour, fairly too, decide.  
He courts no friend who blindly comes to praise ;  
He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.

Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own  
He aims to please by noble means alone ;  
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,  
Inspiring nature, and directing art ;

By scenes so wrought as may applause command  
More from the judging head than thundering hand.

Important is the moral we would teach :

O ! may this island practise what we preach—

Vice in its first approach with care to shun ;

The wretch who once engages is undone.

Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,

What first was accident at last is fate :

Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave,

And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.

‘ As such our fair attempt, we hope to see

Our judges—here at least—from influence free :

One place—unbiass'd yet by party rage—

Where only honour votes—the British stage !

We ask for justice, for indulgence sue ;

Our last best licence must proceed from you.’

#### TO THE MASK OF BRITANNIA :

ACTED AFTER ZARA.

*Spoken by Mr. Garrick <sup>1</sup>, 1755, in the character of a sailor  
fuddled, and talking to himself.*

*He ENTERS singing,*

‘ *How pleasant a sailor's life passes !*’——

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,

A sailor, half-seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow.

What cheer, ho ? Do I carry too much sail ?

*[To the Pit.*

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—

*[He staggers forward, then stops.*

But softly though ; the vessel seems to heel :

Steady, my boy,—she must not show her keel.

<sup>1</sup> Some of the lines too were written by him.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?  
 Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?  
 Or stay on shore, and toy with Sal and Sue—  
 Dost love 'em, Boy?—By this right hand I do.  
 A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting; [ing:  
 There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fight—  
 For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,  
 Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?  
 What! shall these *Parlyvous* make such a racket,  
 And we not lend a hand to lace their jacket?  
 Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?  
 Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.  
 I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—  
 Have I not promis'd Sal to see the show?

[Pulls out a play-bill,

From this same paper we shall understand  
 What work's to night—I read your printed hand!  
 But, first refresh a bit—for faith I need it—  
 I'll take one sugar-plum—and then I'll read it.

[Takes some tobacco,

*He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.—'At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—will be presenta-ted a tragedy called—SARAH.'*

I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sal may see  
 Her namesake's tragedy! and as for me,  
 I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

}

*'To which will be added—a new Mask.'*

Zounds! why a Mask? We sailors hate grimaces:  
 Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces.  
 But what is here, so very large and plain?  
 'Bri-tan-nia'—oh, Britannia!—good again—





A scheme, forsooth! to benefit the nation!  
Some queer odd whim of pious propagation<sup>1</sup>!  
Lord! talk so here—the man must be a widgeon—  
Drury may propagate—but not Religion.

Yet, after all, to give the devil his due,  
Our Author's scheme, though strange, is wholly  
new.—

Well, shall the novelty then recommend it?  
If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.  
For drums and routs make him a while your  
passion,

A little while let Virtue be the fashion;  
And, spite of real or imagin'd blunders,  
Ev'n let him live nine days, like other wonders.

<sup>1</sup> The profits arising from this play were intended to be given by the Author to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge.

FINIS.

